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NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 8, 1876.

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MAIN POINTS—ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, CINCINNATI AND INDIANAPOLIS. ITS HEAD-CENTRE AT WASHINGTON.

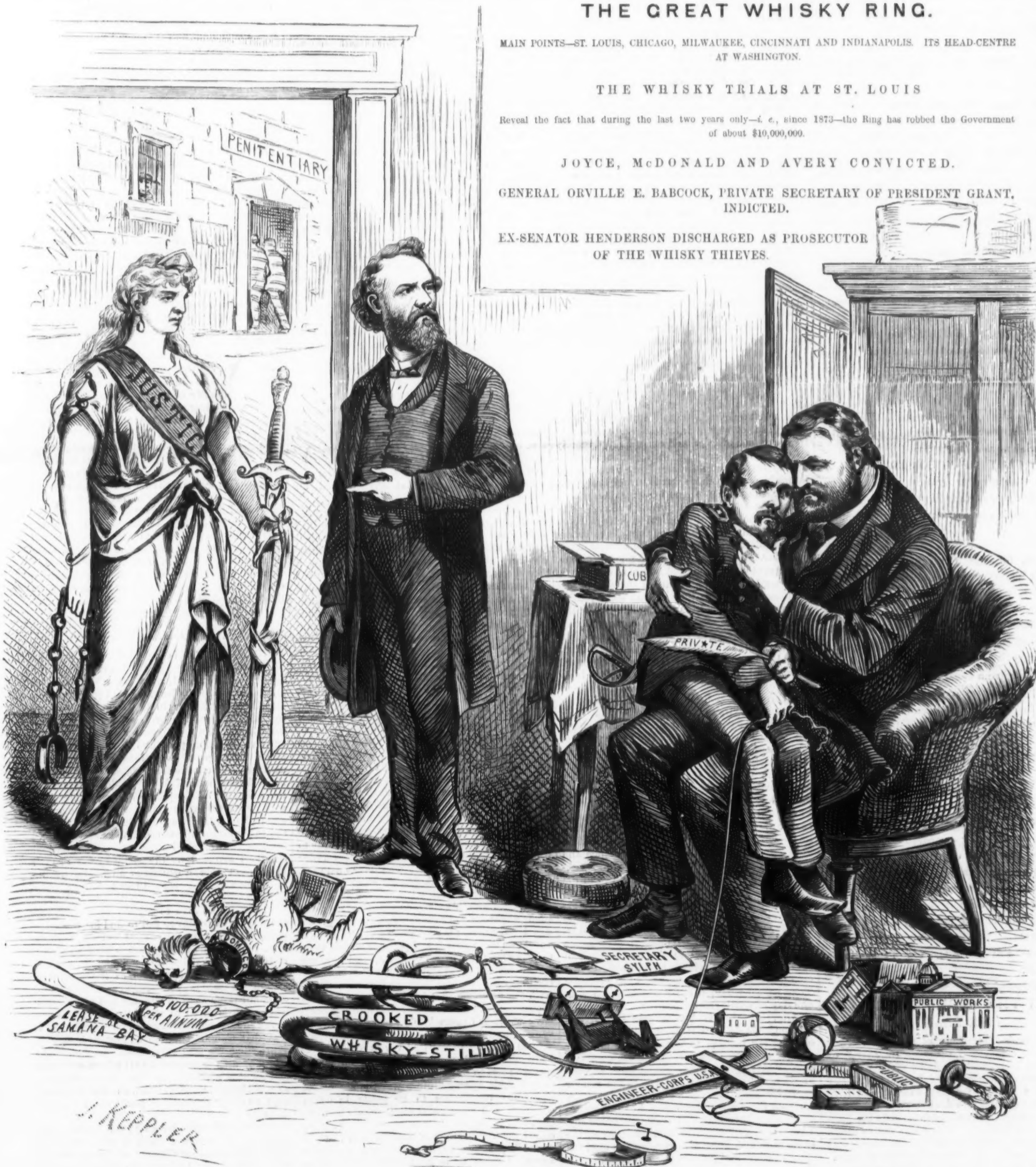
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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 8, 1876.

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BY

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WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF
THE SEASON.

THE Dutch forefathers of the city of New York celebrated the "Nieuw Jaar," or New Year, with a solidity of joy which is still memorable among their descendants. They made it a day of feasting, dancing and high revel. Everything was done decorously, but in such a manner as to make everybody the happier for the festival. There was not so much visiting from house to house, but there was more of gathering in noted places of entertainment, and of setting out such substantial cheer as warmed the stomach and satiated the appetite. When the moon rose on high-peaked roof and gorgeous weathercock glittering in the snow, and lighted up the arms of the

gigantic windmills that stood like ghostly sentinels above the town, its beams fell upon many a happy company, whose dance and banquet began at the orthodox hour of five and ended at nine. They kept early hours in those old-fashioned days, but they made the most of their time, and when they put on their cloth wrappers and woolen "rain-cloths," their scarlet "love hoods" and yellow scarfs of worsted, there was no guest but regretted that the New Year holiday came but once in the twelvemonth. In their simplicity they had never risen to the fashionable distinction of being bored by making or receiving calls.

Let it not be understood, however, that the ancient Knickerbockers had no elegance of dress nor magnificence of table with which to greet the advent of the young year. Gowns of thick silk with heavy embroidery, necklaces of ponderous gold, and weighty earrings of silver, petticoats of fine blue or scarlet cloth, or even of quilted silk embroidered in filigree of gold or silver, and striped stockings adorned with wonderful clocks, made a brilliant scene by aid of the oil-lamps and dipped candles that flickered from whitewashed walls. Nor were the gentlemen behindhand in the attention paid to their personal decoration. In coats of kersey, serge or homespun, flowered with silver and adorned sometimes with golden buttons, they affected silk or velvet breeches, enormous silver buckles, steel-hilted swords, and neck-cloths of rare lace. In the sight of their elders, the lads and lassies thus attired were, perhaps, a little too much given to following the dictates of fashion, but they had reached the summit of elegance. Yet, if they made such a magnificent display of dress in the lusty measures of the dance, they likewise exhibited most healthy appetites at the table. There was need of it. Modern salads and pastries had not then been invented. The oaken board groined under solid rounds of beef, pork and venison, with substantial pancakes and huge oysters by way of dessert, while Antigua rum, brandy punch and Madeira wine served to keep out the cold and fortify the inner man. Strengthened by this refreshment, some enterprising beau may have dared to persuade his sweetheart to venture a drive up the "Bowerie" at the close of the night's revel, but this was the extent of the mischief done. When at nine o'clock the watch passed through the silent streets, he could with a clear conscience send up under the burghers' windows the reassuring cry, "All's well!"

The descendants of the Knickerbockers celebrate the birth of the New Year after this fashion, but they do not seem to extract a great deal of enjoyment from it. Delicate tables that are spread with a little cake and an abundance of wine; dainty dames attired for the reception of calls, and exchanging labored compliments of greeting with gentlemen who openly vote the whole affair a bore; wearisome hours in parlors where day is turned into night by the substitution of gas for sunshine, and a pervading snowstorm of white visiting-cards that take the place of personal greetings, go to make up the celebration of a day which custom has decreed to be one of the whitest in the calendar. Can these things be termed an improvement on the good old habits of our Dutch ancestry? The compliments of the season are meaningless save as they call up some reality of happiness. It is because the customs of the past have degenerated into a mere piece of formalism that there has been danger, of late years, that the observance of New Year's Day would practically die out. The festival seemed to have lost its old family flavor. There is no gathering of the clans as in the days when Jan and Dirck danced lustily in silver-laced coats. The sons of these stout citizens find their strength so exhausted by driving in a coupé from one house to another, showering bits of pasteboard as they go, that they seek their club in the early evening to counteract their labors by heavy draughts of "Jersey lightning" or compounds with whose names the writer of polite English would not presume to wrestle. Perhaps if some daring leader of society would revive the fashion of gathering families and their intimate friends for the celebration of the first glad day of the year by song and dance and merry-making, there would be such an awakening of old ties as would give new life to the whole community. Would it not be worth while to attempt the experiment? Certainly all the men and women who profess to look forward to New Year's Day with a shivering species of dread would hail the change with delight, and revel in the anticipation of realizing the good wishes that make up the compliments of the season. A happy New Year indeed would that be which began with one day of unalloyed enjoyment.

After all, this is but a single day, and fashion must do with it as it wills. The rest of the year belongs to each man to make or mar as he wills. Out from the dark curtain of time there peeps a fair young face, and 'he artist has elsewhere pictured it to the reader in fairer lines than the pen can use in describing it. Full of faith and hope, it smiles upon a world to which it seeks to bring joy. They who send back to it a greeting of the same faith and hope will receive the choicest blessings of the glad some young stranger. These are the traits that win from the checkered fortunes of life a final victory. It is every man's own work that shall make his New Year happy. The past is dead and buried, with all its follies and losses, its hates and

struggles, its sufferings and defeats, and a true manhood will not remain wringing its hands over the grave. There they are to rest—gone with the past. Into the new land that lies before his pilgrim feet, the true man will carry none of the quarrels and envyings and wounds of bygone days. Only thus can he achieve success, or hope for any enjoyment of his life. It was in this spirit that our forefathers welcomed the birth of each succeeding year. They had their failings, as is the lot of all dust, but they had more than their share of happiness. Their ways are worth watching, and perhaps may deserve imitation. At least, with the compliments of the season let us also wish ourselves in this centennial year as much joy as filled their lives, while certain of a progress in art, science and literature such as never entered their dreams.

THE EXPLOSION OF DYNAMITE
AT BREMERHAVEN.

THE loss of life occasioned by the explosion of a case of dynamite at Bremerhaven, and the narrow escape of the crew and passengers of the steamer *Mosel* from an impending destruction at sea, has naturally excited much sympathy and interest from all parts of the world. That passengers' luggage is admitted on board ship without inspection suggests the thought that not unfrequently dangerous compounds are smuggled into the hold, and that perhaps the loss of some of the vessels which have never been heard from may be attributed to some infernal machine thus secretly introduced. The very idea is sufficient to put the directors of our steamship lines upon their guard, and it ought to concentrate their attention upon the discovery of some plan by which future danger may be averted. In the case before us it will be of interest to give some account of the explosion which occasioned so much harm, and thus to afford to all persons interested some clue by which they may be able to detect an attempt at this kind of dangerous smuggling.

Dynamite, to which is attributed the accident in Bremerhaven, has become a generic name for a variety of mixtures of nitro-glycerine. The name, signifying great strength, was originally applied by the Swedish engineer Nobel to a mixture of seventy-five per cent nitro-glycerine with twenty-five per cent infusorial silica—the silica simply acting as a sponge to absorb the liquid oil. Nobel found that by taking this precaution the nitro-glycerine was less liable to explosion by percussion, and that when the compound was finally fired by a peculiar cap, the force was greater than when the oil alone was used. The success of this invention called out many imitations, and instead of silica, a variety of substitutes were employed, giving rise to trade names, some of which may have served to disguise the nature of the packages that were offered for transportation.

Colonia powder is a variety of dynamite composed of ordinary gunpowder mixed with forty per cent of nitro-glycerine. It is much more dangerous to handle than gunpowder, and the nitro-glycerine makes it more effective. Dualine may be regarded as another variety; instead of infusorial silica, the inert substance employed is sawdust previously treated with acids, which is saturated with about thirty-five per cent of the explosive oil; nitre and other compounds rich in oxygen are sometimes added. Lithofracteur is a coarse kind of blasting-powder, composed of nitrate of baryta and charcoal, with which thirty-five per cent of dynamite is mixed. Giant-powder does not vary materially from the original dynamite as invented by Nobel. Numerous other sub-species of this powerful explosive have been put upon the market, the only difference being in the nature of the material used to absorb the oil. Even brown sugar has been employed to advantage, as it could be readily separated from the oil by dissolving it out in water.

It will be seen from the above recapitulation that it would be difficult, in packages which appear to contain sand, sawdust or brown sugar, to recognize the giant that lurks concealed under such harmless disguise. The circumstance, however, that there is usually some peculiar smell clinging to the oil, and the suspicion that would attach to any attempt to forward such apparently innocent substances in unusual packages, may serve to put the freight agents on their guard, and perhaps enable them to frustrate the designs of ill-disposed persons.

The history of modern explosives is an exceedingly interesting one, and runs parallel with the progress that has been made in every department of knowledge. The last thirty years have witnessed remarkable progress in the invention and introduction of explosive agents. Schoenbein, the celebrated Swiss chemist, in 1846 discovered gun-cotton. This important contribution to our knowledge of the action of mixed acids upon cellulose was the signal for analogous researches to be made in every direction and by a great number of chemists. Gun-cotton, or, as it may more properly be called, tri-nitro cellulose, has not proved to be of much practical use as a blasting or explosive agent. Unless it is kept under water it is liable to spontaneous decomposition. When used pure, it goes off too rapidly, and there are other practical difficulties in the way of its general use in war or in mines. Its transportation can be rendered comparatively harmless

by sending it in wet packages, as is done with phosphorus. The great and invaluable use of tri-nitro cellulose is as collodion in photography. Since the introduction of collodion, the chief progress has been made in researches upon the action of light for the taking of pictures and in astronomical studies. It was while engaged in repeating Schoenbein's experiments, and in trying other substances than cotton in the laboratory of Professor Pelouze of Paris, that Sombroso, an Italian chemist, succeeded in making an explosive oil by the action of sulphuric and nitric acids upon glycerine. The glycerine itself is a perfectly harmless and a very useful oily liquid. It was formerly thrown away, but is now manufactured directly from suet and lard, and has become an extensive article of commerce. It is, in fact, a fatty alcohol known to chemists as propenyl alcohol, and ordinary mutton suet is largely composed of it. Sombroso found, in 1847, that by treating glycerine in the same way that Schoenbein had manipulated gun-cotton, a pale yellow oily liquid of 1.6 specific gravity, insoluble in water, settled down in the vessels employed for the experiments. This oil was found to be very explosive, at the cost of the windows and much of the glass-ware in Professor Pelouze's laboratory. Fortunately, no lives were lost; but the danger of experimenting with it was deemed so great, that further researches were abandoned, and it was not until 1864 that Alfred Nobel took up the subject and applied the discovery to practical uses. Although Nobel himself has thus far escaped without harm, his brother and other members of his family were blown up in the first factory, and many lives have since been sacrificed in this country and Europe to the incautious handling of what is really a most dangerous explosive. When nitro-glycerine was first introduced, it was called by various names for the purpose of disguise, and it is an appalling fact that many packages of it have been secretly transported on shipboard and on our freight trains. A few years since a box containing it was sent by express and left unclaimed in the office of a down-town hotel, where it served as a support for the feet of the guests who were having their boots polished. It stood near the stove, and one morning, as some smoke was seen to issue from it, the porter seized it and hastily threw it into the street, where it exploded, causing the loss of several lives, and doing much damage to the neighboring buildings. But for the presence of mind of the porter, there would have been great loss of life by the impending total wreck of the hotel. It was in consequence of the danger and the difficulty of transportation that Nobel modified his original invention and substituted dynamite. It is said that the Austrian railroads accept this powder as freight, and that no accidents have occurred. The whole story, as it comes to us from Europe, is so horrible, that it suggests the probable ravings of a diseased brain rather than a truthful narrative. The results of the official investigation will be looked forward to with great interest, and it is to be hoped that the mysterious connection of the man Thompson with the affair will be cleared up, and that some means will be devised to prevent in the future any introduction on board ship of a compound which either spontaneously or in any other way is liable to explosion.

EMOTIONAL POLITICS.

CARL SCHURZ is credited with the remark that President Grant in his Des Moines address, and, at a latter date, in his annual message to Congress, had presented an alluring programme to the Republican Party by his suggestions respecting the public schools and their religious relations, because such a discussion promised to revive in all its force the reign of "emotional politics." The domain of "emotional politics" has always been the favorite field of the demagogue and the agitator. Robespierre in his earlier days was troubled with conscientious scruples about the rightfulness of taking animal life for the sustentation of man, but so soon as he had become thoroughly imbued with the political emotions aroused by the strife of the French Revolution this abstemious anchorite of the vegetarian school was turned into a very monster of barbarity.

The men who love to cry Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war, never fail to find in emotional politics their most attractive bones of contention. In proportion as a cause is high and holy, it is suited to enlist the support of zealous votaries, and in proportion as it deals with arguments which are matters of faith and opinion rather than of tangible and practicable concern, it is fitted to afford the conditions of a never-ending controversy. For this reason it was that Canning, as an enlightened patriot, deprecated "a war of opinion" as being the worst of all the scourges that afflict mankind, and for this reason it was that Edmund Burke, as a philosophical statesman, has left his pregnant warning against the perils of an "armed doctrine."

Peter the Hermit, by an appeal to the sentiments of his hearers, found it easier to combine "the sacramental hosts" of Europe for the expulsion of the Moslem from Jerusalem than to inculcate the practical duties of Christianity by an appeal to the judgments and interests of men. The Thirty Years' War in Germany attests at once the virulence and the enduring nature of religious passions when they have

been pressed into the service of States and of political parties. The cry of "No Popery" in England has often saved the Tories from an impending fall, richly earned by their mismanagement, because it has diverted the popular attention from that mismanagement to a furious polemic in which the welfare of the empire has been postponed to the gratification of sectarian animosities and the free indulgence of theological hatreds.

And it is precisely for this reason that the invention of an "emotional issue" at the present stage in the existence of the Republican Party deserves to be received by the American people with the strongest suspicions. Such issues have been found in the experience of other communities to mask the designs of political strategy, while at the same time they have let loose upon the social fabric a storm of passion which must shake it to the very foundation. The Republican Party has hitherto forged the most effective of its weapons in the fires of an ardent fanaticism directed to the extinction of slavery. In so doing it has wielded some of the most noble instincts of human nature at the will of its ambitious leaders. It has especially plumed itself on being "a party of great moral ideas," and finding in this pretension the secret of an imposture which long enabled it to palm off a Benjamin F. Butler as the full-blown type and embodiment of its latter-day glory, it now aspires, under the lead of President Grant, to be known and honored as a party of great religious ideas in respect to the discipline and direction of our public schools.

It remains to be seen whether the spirits summoned from the vasty deep of a politico-religious fanaticism will come at the bidding of our Republican Glendowers. But it requires no sagacity to predict that if these political conjurers shall be successful in their sorceries, the country is on the eve of an electoral contest which will rouse the most infuriate of human frenzies in the nominal service of a holy cause which accepts no such service at the hand of her genuine and faithful worshippers. In such a struggle the lovely fruits of peace and charity in the Christian Church would perish beneath the storms of controversy, as an eminent pulpit orator has said before us when referring merely to the distressing effect of sectarian contentions apart from the greater evils engendered by their complication with political passions. In such a struggle the practical and material interests of the Republic—interests which constitute the fitting sphere of the politician and the statesman—must be pretermitted to make room for feather-brained Mucklewraths turning their pulpits, after the manner of Bishop Haven, into so many political "drums ecclesiastic," to be beaten in unison with the latest Republican quick-step. In such a struggle the cause of common-school education would needs become the football of party, and, instead of being rescued from the dominion of sects, would be exposed to the bitterness of sects in alliance with party for the attainment of personal and political ends.

As long as our public school systems are left, where the Constitution of the United States leaves them, subject to the management and control of the people in the several States, there is no room for the emergence of those hypothetical dangers against which President Grant would guard them; for the people who have established these schools are everywhere found no less competent to protect their integrity than quick to resent attacks upon their perpetuity. The attempt to enlist this American sentiment in the exclusive service of one party will, we opine, turn out to be as futile as it is overweening and selfish.

CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

THERE are few, we believe, who regret that the sentence of Stauderman has been commuted. In place of ending his days on the scaffold, he will spend the remainder of his wretched life as a prisoner, or, if he should exhibit unmistakable symptoms of derangement, as the inmate of a lunatic asylum. Stauderman was guilty of a great crime. He took the life of an innocent and unoffending young woman, for no other reason than that she refused to marry him. It was not a sudden and unpremeditated act. It was deliberate, willful murder. Such a crime naturally enough filled the public mind with indignation and horror. It is no longer doubtful, however, that Stauderman is insane; and it is well that to the horror of the murder of an innocent girl there is not to be added the horror of the execution of an irresponsible lunatic.

It is evident from the manner in which the public has received the intelligence of the commutation of Stauderman's sentence that his execution would have been a blunder. It would have shocked, not satisfied, the public mind. The sentiment which prevails in regard to Stauderman is very different to that which prevails in regard to Scannell. It was felt in the one case that the law had been robbed of its victim. It is felt in this other that the carrying-out of the sentence would have defeated the ends of justice. The people have good reason to regard the plea of insanity with suspicion; but there is evidently an honest disposition not to turn a deaf ear to the plea when the insanity, as in the case of Stauderman, is clearly and conclusively established.

We believe we express the sentiments of the great mass of intelligent men in the community when we say that the manner in which the law has been tampered with in the case of Dolan has been the reverse of satisfactory. It may be that Dolan is innocent of the crime of which he was convicted. If innocent, it is well that he should have the benefit of a stay of proceedings. It is unfortunate, however, that after a fair, full and impartial trial, and after sentence has been pronounced, it should be so easy to interfere with and hinder the course of justice. The so-called new evidence may prove to be worthless. It may be found to be a mere invention, and altogether without foundation in fact. Should such be the case, it will not be at all wonderful if some fresh effort should be successful in saving Dolan from the gallows. When punishment is long deferred, the crime is liable to be forgotten, public indignation cools down, and the disposition to clemency is correspondingly strengthened. A new trial may save Dolan's life.

There is something radically wrong in our criminal procedure and in our administration of justice. It is in the last degree desirable that the law be so administered that no innocent person should suffer; but it is not less desirable that the law be so administered that no guilty person should escape. We believe the cases are few in which the innocent are brought to punishment. Unfortunately for the ends of justice and for the welfare of the community, the guilty often escape. Our criminal laws call loudly for reconsideration and revision. The jury system, as it now is, is all but worthless. How often does the guilty person escape because twelve men cannot agree? Why should unanimity be deemed a necessity? A two-thirds majority is reckoned satisfactory in our halls of legislation. Why should it not be satisfactory in the jury-room? Some such change as this is necessary if we would not have trial by jury degenerate into a mere farce. There is room for improvement not in this direction only. The manner in which the execution of Dolan was arrested was not creditable to American law. While Governor Tilden was still deliberating as to whether he should grant a respite, a judge other than the judge who presided at the trial and who pronounced sentence in the case steps in and grants a stay of proceedings. Such a course ought not to be possible. The establishment of a criminal court of appeal, whose decisions should be final, would be an improvement on the present state of things. As we have said already, the whole subject is worthy of the consideration of professional jurists. Let there be a fair trial; let the decision of a two-thirds majority be sufficient to convict; and let the sentence of the law be carried out promptly, and in such a manner as not to make the punishment of crime, as in a recent striking instance, more hateful than crime itself. Let us hope that the whole subject will receive such attention at the hands of our legislators that the law will become more and more a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that do well.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA.

THE retirement of Yale from the College Rowing Association has naturally enough created some little talk in boating circles. The Rowing Association can well enough dispense with Yale, or indeed with any one of the colleges. The races last year at Saratoga showed that the Rowing Association rests on a solid foundation; and there is good reason for believing that it will prove to be a permanent and useful institution. To outdoor sports, to boating particularly, the young men of the different collegiate institutions are fondly wedded; and we know of nothing better fitted to develop some of the nobler qualities of true manhood. A healthful, vigorous intellect bears a close and intimate relation to a sound and vigorous body. Open-air sports are eminently conducive to physical health; and we should regret any occurrence which might have the effect of interfering with the success of the annual regatta at Saratoga. We have no desire to impute motives. Yale may have reasons for retiring from the Association, unknown to us. It does seem to us, however, that her retirement is a great blunder, and that she would do well to reconsider her decision. She has not been so successful of late years as, perhaps, she ought to have been, and as her past record justified her to hope she would be. But the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle always to the strong. She ought to have tried again. Where there is bravery of soul, defeat stimulates, not discourages. In the future Yale might regain her lost laurels. Let us hope that Harvard will not follow the example of Yale. It would be a misfortune if she should do so, at least without first winning a victory. Whatever may be the final decision of Yale and Harvard, the intercollegiate regatta at Saratoga, in this centennial year of 1876, is not likely to lose any of its interest; and the presumption is not unreasonable that the two great New England colleges, realizing the loneliness of their position, will retain connection with the Rowing Association. In view of future international contests, all the colleges will do well to remain united.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 25, 1875.

Monday.....113½ @ 113¾ | Thursday.....112½ @ 113½
Tuesday.....113¼ @ 113½ | Friday.....113 @ 113½
Wednesday.....113½ @ 113¾ | Saturday.....(Holiday.)

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE CONTRADICTED RUMOR that Ex-Boss Tweed had escaped to Cuba proves to have been but one of the numerous expedients to baffle those who are seeking him—if any such there be.

AN EARTHQUAKE has terrified, but not seriously injured, the capital of Virginia, Richmond, which has so bravely withstood, within a few years, successive shocks from war, fire and flood.

THE FARMER who sells watered milk should be subjected to the same penalty as the milkman who brings it to market, and the Board of Health ought to ask the Legislature to pass a law to that effect.

THE ROYAL PALACE at Barcelona was almost destroyed on Sunday, December 26th. King Alfonso and would-be King Carlos hardly needed this aggravation to the hot time that royalty is having in Spain.

LOWER CALIFORNIA will be the attraction for gold and silver seekers, now that the reports of our naval officers show how immensely rich it is in minerals, and how much it is suffering for lack of American enterprise. The miners expelled from the Black Hills region may well hasten to this new El Dorado.

A SATISFACTORY CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—Mr. J. M. Sears, a Yale College student, attained his majority on Christmas Day, and with it acquired possession of a neat little property estimated at \$9,000,000. In his infancy his parents died, and this property, about one-half of which consists of real estate in Boston, Mass., has been held in trust for him, and judiciously managed, by three trustees.

THE NEW PRUSSIAN ARMY LIST enumerates twelve field-m Marshals, one master-general of the ordnance and two colonel-generals, fifty-three generals and one hundred and fifty-one major-generals. The oldest officer of the Prussian army is Feld-marshal von Wrangel, who will complete next year the ninety-second year of his life, and the eightieth year of his service in the Prussian Army.

A CENTRAL AMERICAN CONFEDERACY would be a consummation so devoutly to be desired that it is satisfactory to find the movement in favor of it decidedly progressing. Guatemala has prepared a basis for it, which, although defective in some respects, could not fail, if adopted, to hasten the day when the United States of Central America may rejoice in something like "the more perfect union" attained by our own United States.

CHARLES O'CONOR, the eminent lawyer, was almost well enough on Saturday last to enjoy a Christmas dinner. For many years, it is said, Mr. O'Conor has allowed himself only Christmas as a day of rest from his incessant professional toil. Had he indulged more frequently in "days of rest," he might have eaten a heartier Christmas dinner this year. As it is, all rejoice in the prospect of his speedy recovery to his usual health.

GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPHY.—In the last number of the *Fortnightly Review* Professor W. Stanley Jervons presents a view of the English Post Office Telegraph system, which is in the last degree discouraging. It does not pay, and Professor Jervons argues that it will not pay at the present low rate of charges. As the business increases—and it increases steadily every year—the revenue decreases. There is great reason to fear that the Government will discontinue the system. Mr. Jervons regrets the financial failure of the Telegraph Department, because it puts an inseparable obstacle in the way of any further extension of Government industry in the present generation.

FOREFATHERS' DAY was duly celebrated, December 22d, in New York city, by the New England Society. President Grant was present, but, as if warned by his Des Moines experiment, went back to his old "policy of silence," and made no speech. The celebration elicited, on the part of the *Evening Post*, the following suggestive and patriotic comment: "There is reason to hope that the time will come when the courage and manliness of Puritan and Cavalier and Knickerbocker shall be remembered equally in all parts of the land, and when the deeds of the forefathers, of whatever race or lineage they may have been, will be held in honor as a common subject of pride to all Americans."

CHRISTMAS CHEER in New York city was not dampened even by the fogs that enveloped troops of fantastically-dressed boys parading through the streets. Chimes of bells merrily ushered in the day. The churches resounded with special services of song and thanksgiving. Thousands of glowing firesides were surrounded by happy family gatherings. Children danced with delight round Christmas trees in thousands of comfortable parlors. Charity sent its gifts to brighten the gloom of many a garret. The news-boys and news-girls were sumptuously entertained at Mouquin's by the proprietor of the *Evening Telegram*. All the benevolent institutions made ample provision for the enjoyment of their respective inmates. Even the prisons were penetrated by gleams of Christmas gladness. Many German societies and other social organizations held joyous festivals. But alas! two murderous assaults—the fatal shooting of August Zornow in Second Street, and the atrocious attempt of John Nannery, at a tenement in South Fifth avenue, to kill and burn his wife—stained the record of the holiday.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE.—Since we indicated the purpose of General Grant to use the cloak of religion as a garb for his ambitious designs, he has received a renomination from Bishop Haven and his clerical brethren, and his partisans are fomenting religious strife with an unsparring hand. A dark-lantern party, modeled on that of the Know-Nothing church-burners, is already at work, and

the prospect of arson and violence is not far distant. A little more than a hundred years ago the same spirit which animates Mr. Grant and his gang was rife in the American army. How it was met by General Washington may be seen by the following *verbatim* extract from one of his orderly-books: "November 5, 1775.—As the commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the Pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step at this juncture—at a time when we are soliciting, and have readily obtained, the friendship and alliance of the people of Canada, whom we ought to consider as brethren embarked in the same cause—the defense of the general liberty of America. At such a juncture, and in such circumstances, to be insulting their religion is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the worst insult, it is our duty to tender thanks to them, our brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada." We would respectfully invite the attention of Mr. Grant to the above extract were we not perfectly aware of the utter contempt he has for the name and teachings of Washington, as evidenced in his brief but malign career as chief magistrate. For instance, General Washington consented to receive from the Public Treasury only the sums he had actually expended in the public cause, whereas, Mr. Grant grabbed and pocketed twice the wage that he agreed to serve the country for. But, as Dogberry says, "comparisons are odorous."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE merchants of St. Louis dedicated their new Chamber of Commerce on the 21st ult.

ARCHBISHOP WOOD of Philadelphia excommunicated the Molly Maguires of the mining districts of Pennsylvania.

By an explosion of a gas main under Federal Street Bridge, Boston, several persons were killed and others seriously injured.

NEARLY a thousand woolen-mill operatives at Rockville, Conn., went on a strike last week, on account of a reduction of wages.

It is reported by naval officers that Lower California is immensely rich in minerals, and that only a little American enterprise is necessary to develop vast wealth.

SPEAKER KERR announced the House Committee, and Mr. Ferry was re-elected President of the Senate until January 7th, after which both branches adjourned until the 5th.

THE request of the Texas delegation in Washington upon the President to send more troops to the Rio Grande District was refused, on the ground that they could not be spared.

GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN of South Carolina refused to sign the commissions for the three judges-elect of the Charleston District, on account of their political and mental incapacity, and the leading business men formally thanked him for so doing.

AUDITOR THAYER was examined by the New York Canal Commission about his purchase of canal certificates, and admitted the charge, stating his action had been upon the advice of Governor Tilden, and that his friends only profited by the purchase.

FOREIGN.

It is reported that the Khedive is anxious to sell another batch of Suez Canal shares.

THE British troops have been successful in Malacca, having captured Kintah without sustaining serious loss.

CHINA's first step in the establishment of diplomatic relations with the Western Powers was to appoint Chen-Ian-Pin and Yung Heng Ministers to the United States.

In addition to the appropriation for the Centennial by the Dominion Government, the Provincial Government of Ontario last week granted the sum of \$22,000 to further the interests of Canadian exhibitors.

CAPTAIN GENERAL VALMANKHA resigned his post in Cuba, and General Jovellar, Minister of War, and Captain-General during the *Virginian* excitement, was appointed his successor. More troops will be sent from Spain to Havana.

A RENEWAL of the pledges of reform was sent by the Turkish Government to the Great Powers. As Russia's lukewarmness was occasioned by a distrust of the guarantees, it is thought she will now accept them, and thus materially hasten the settlement of the Herzegovina troubles upon the plans of Austria, supported by Prussia.

OBITUARY.

DECEMBER 18th.—At New York, Frederick S. Stallknecht, a prominent lawyer, remarkably fine linguist, and a true-hearted, scholarly gentleman, aged 55.

"20th.—At Port Jervis, N. Y., William U. Saeger, aged 83. He was born in Austria, and was a Government geologist for thirty-eight years, having charge of the survey of the Tyrol, and for a time was Superintendent of the Government saltworks at Nall, in the Tyrol. He removed to this country in 1840. Some years ago the Khedive of Egypt tendered him a salary of \$35,000 per year to make the country his home.

"20th.—At Washington, D. C., Basil Brown, one of the antiquarians of the United States Navy, aged 76. For forty-seven years he had been a messenger at the commandant's office of the Washington Navy Yard.

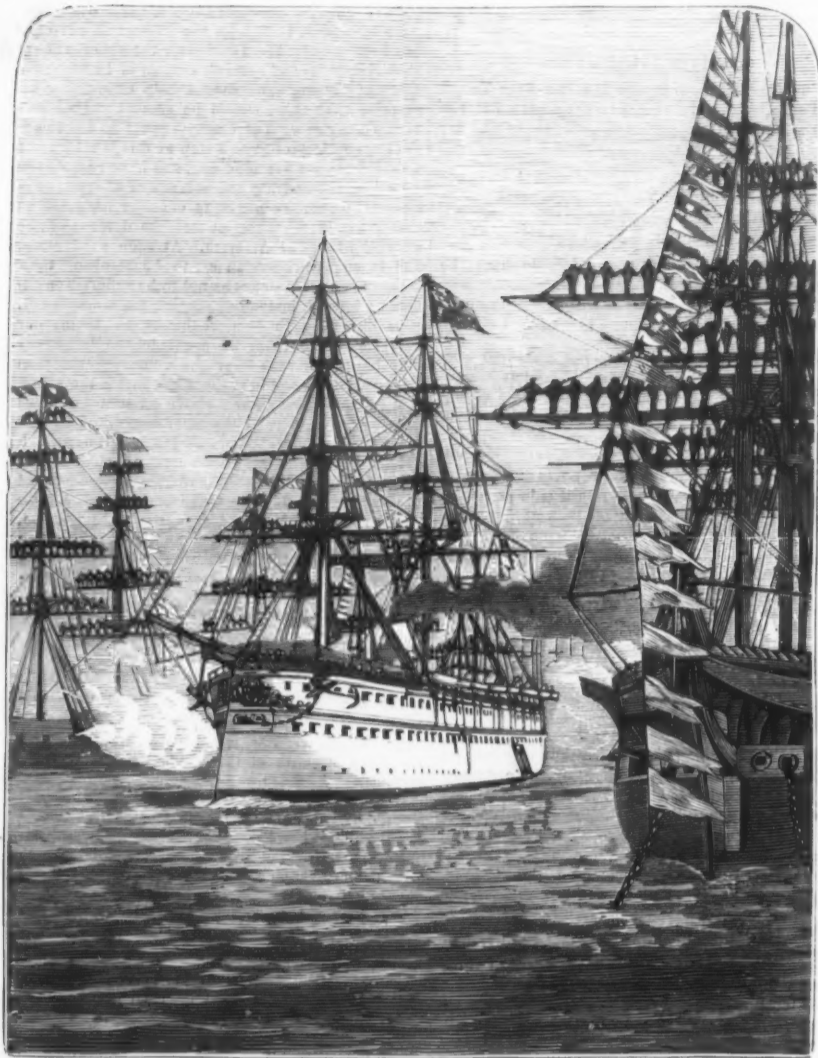
"21st.—At Baltimore, Md., Dr. Samuel B. Martin, a surgeon in the war of 1812; health officer of the city from 1839 to 1838 and Surgeon of the Old Defenders' Association, aged 91.

"21st.—At Santa Fé, N. M., the Hon. Joseph G. Paken, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico for the past fifteen years.

A private dispatch from Cairo reports that Dr. Munzinger, with 300 men, fell into an ambush and was treacherously laid for him between Tajurrah and Cuhosra. Dr. Munzinger and 140 men were massacred, the remainder reaching Tajurrah after five days' fighting. Dr. Munzinger was a native of Switzerland, and was born in 1832. In 1854 he went at the head of a commercial expedition to the Red Sea. He afterwards visited the border lands of Abyssinia, and in 1870 traveled in Arabia. He published in 1864 an account of the German expedition in East Africa, having previously written other works upon Africa.

Near Peebles, Lady Louisa Stuart, the last descendant of the Royal Family of Scotland, in her 109th year.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 287.



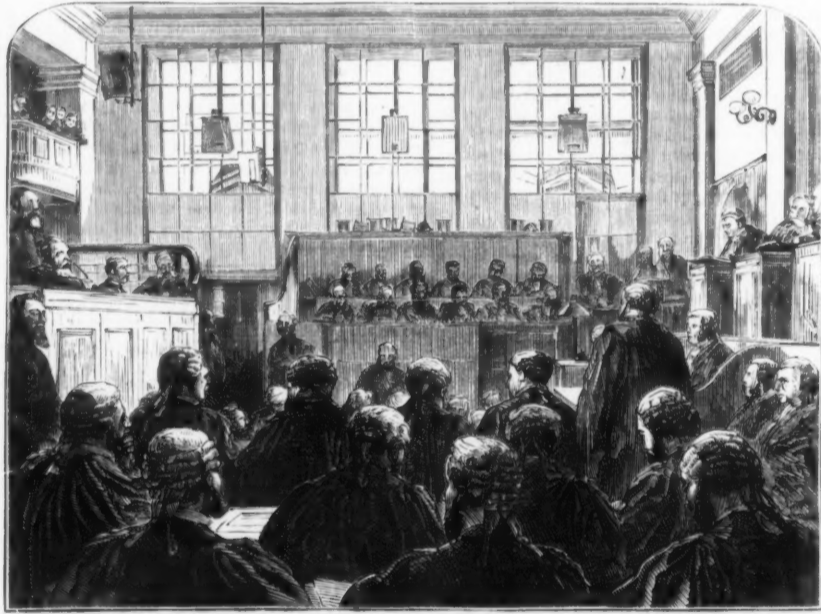
THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA.—ARRIVAL OF H. M. S. "SERAPIS" IN BOMBAY HARBOR.



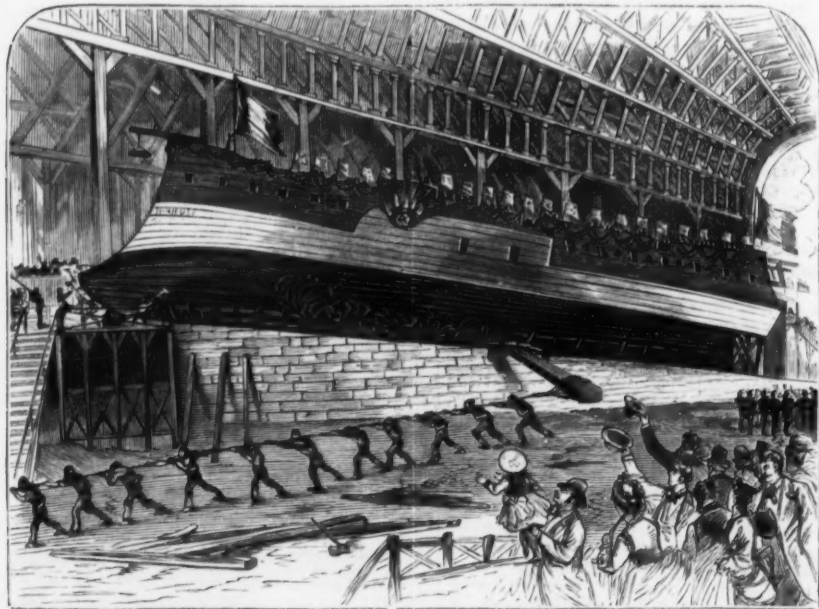
THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA.—PREPARATIONS FOR ILLUMINATING BOMBAY—SUPPORTERS OF THE CROWN.



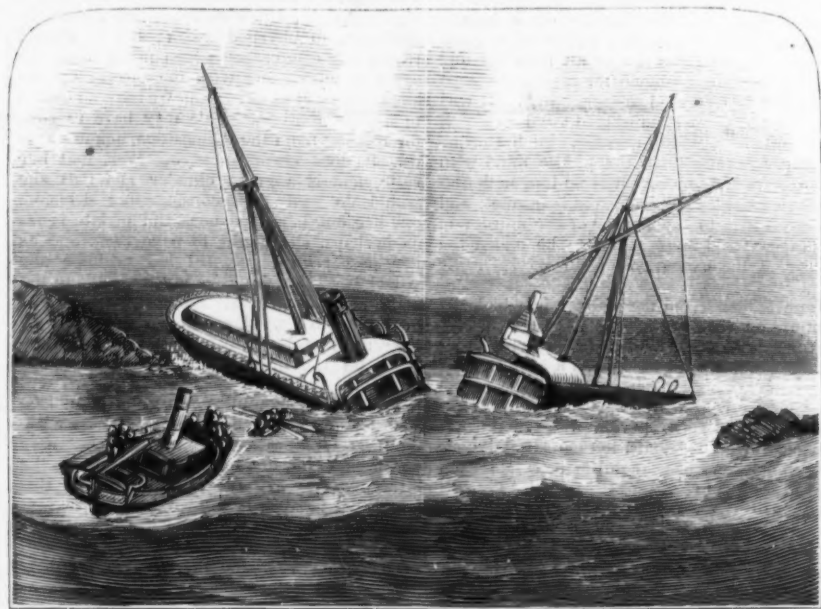
ENGLAND.—THE RECENT FLOODS—A RENCONTRE ON THE ROAD FROM RADLEY TO OXFORD.



ENGLAND.—THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT IN LONDON DURING THE TRIAL OF HENRY AND THOMAS WAINWRIGHT FOR THE MURDER OF HARRIET LANE.

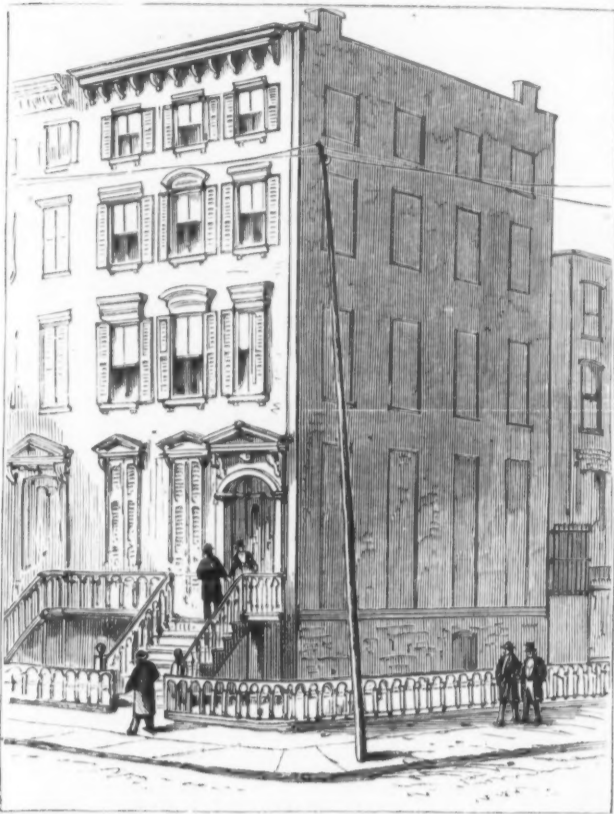


FRANCE.—THE LAUNCH OF THE IRONCLAD CORVETTE "LA VICTOIEUSE" AT TOULON.



CHINA.—THE STEAMER "HECTOR" WRECKED ON THE REEFS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF AMOY.

NEW YORK CITY.—MEETING-PLACE AND CEREMONIES OF A LODGE OF THE THIRD-TERM, ANTI-CATHOLIC SECRET SOCIETY, O. A. U.



THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE MEETINGS OF BUNKER HILL COUNCIL NO. 2, O. A. U. ARE HELD, NO. 1 LIVINGSTON PLACE, COR. 15TH STREET.

O. A. U.

THE SECRET ANTI-CATHOLIC ORDER.

A NEW sensation has burst upon the American people. In all our recent discussions on finance, State-rights, Constitutional amendments, high tariffs, free trade, reconstruction and foreign

followed by a mysterious letter from a notoriety-seeking Jersey editor, in which it was asserted that a powerful secret organization existed which would be a mighty power in the next Presidential campaign.

It was hinted that this was an anti-Catholic Order, and that President Grant and other prominent men were members of it. This started many of the ever-busy members of the newspaper press to ferret out this mysterious Order, and the New York Herald claims to have found it in a society known as the Order of the American Union. So much attention has been called to this organization, that we deem it timely to present some illustrations of their meeting-place, and of their ceremonies.

According to the exposure, published in the Herald, the Order of the American Union was organized in 1867, "in order to 'disfranchise Roman Catholics, and to prevent them from holding office.' The fundamental principle of the Order is thus defined in one section of the preamble to its constitution:

"That there is danger that the Roman Catholic Church, professedly a body superior to all Governments, and demanding from their adherents an allegiance paramount to that given to the State, may take advantage—as they have done in the past—of the equality al-

lowed to them in common with other forms of religious belief, to strive for political influence for the purpose of advancing the interests of the Church.

"Therefore, as that organization have introduced this issue into political affairs in various sections of our country, and are urging their own recognition as an element in political problems, and demanding special legislation for their own benefit, we further declare it to be our conviction that true Americans should organize to oppose such attempts."

It is in the forms of initiation that the spirit of the organization finds its most direct expression. The name of the candidate for admission to the Order is proposed by an active member, and an examining committee makes the most searching inquiries in regard to his antagonism to or sympathy with the Roman Catholic Church. On the night of initiation a table in the centre of the lodge-room is covered with the United States flag, and on it is placed the Bible. The pass-

word then goes around, and the candidate is asked the following questions:

- I. Will you support the Constitution of the Order of the American Union?
- II. Are you in sympathy with Roman Catholicism?
- III. Are you in favor of the Bible in our free schools?
- IV. Are you in favor of our free school system?

V. Are you opposed to sectarian schools, the Roman Catholic in particular?

VI. Are you opposed to the division of the school fund for any sectarian purposes?

VII. Will you pledge yourself to use your vote and influence to retain the Bible in the public schools and all other public institutions?

VIII. If admitted into this Order of the American Union will you pledge yourself to do your utmost to prevent the election of any Papist to any office of honor or trust?

IX. Do you promise to use all lawful means to advance the principles of Protestantism?

X. Are you willing to subscribe your name to the truth of these declarations?

The first verse of "America" is then sung, and a second series of questions is asked as an additional test of the candidate's sincerity. The questions are these:

I. Do you believe in the perpetuation of this glorious American Union?

II. Are you opposed to the political power of the Church of Rome?

III. Are you in favor of our free school system?

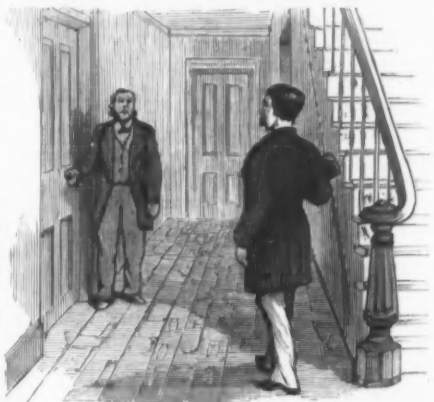
IV. Are you in favor of the Bible being kept in the public schools?

V. Are you opposed to the appropriation of public money for sectarian purposes—schools in particular?

VI. Are you opposed to Roman Catholics holding political office?

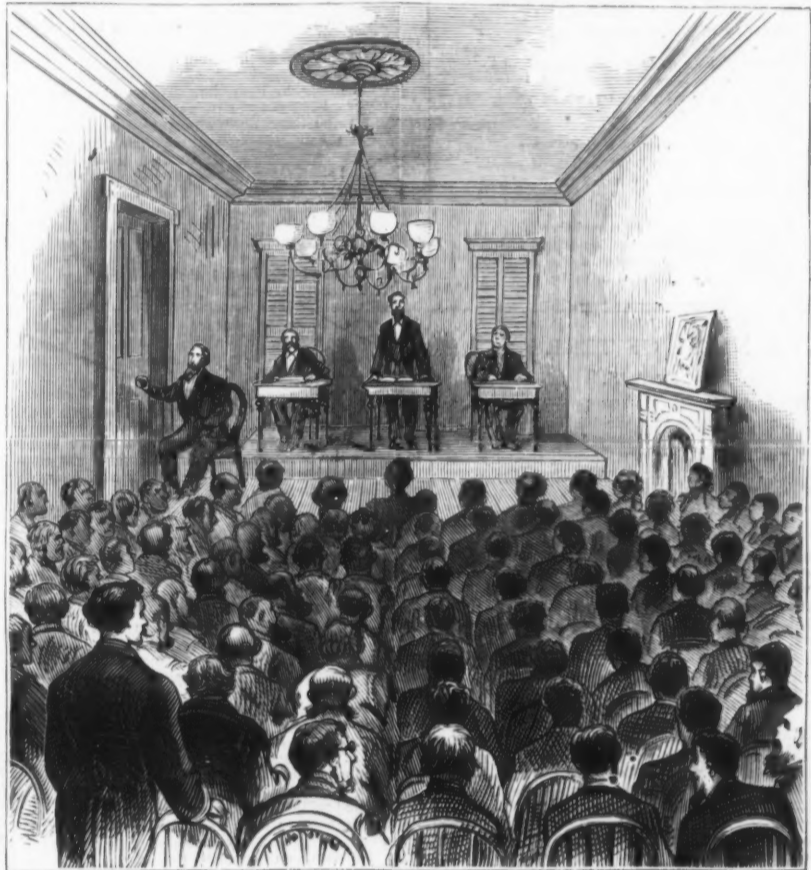
An oath is then administered, binding the candidate to secrecy and fidelity.

The primary bodies of the Order are called coun-



THE OUTSIDE SENTRY.

claimed that the total membership in this country exceeds 75,000, and that there are State organizations in New York, Ohio, New Jersey, Illinois,



INTERIOR OF THE COUNCIL-ROOM.

cils, and there are State and National governing bodies; the former being known as Legislatures, and the latter being called the Senate. It is

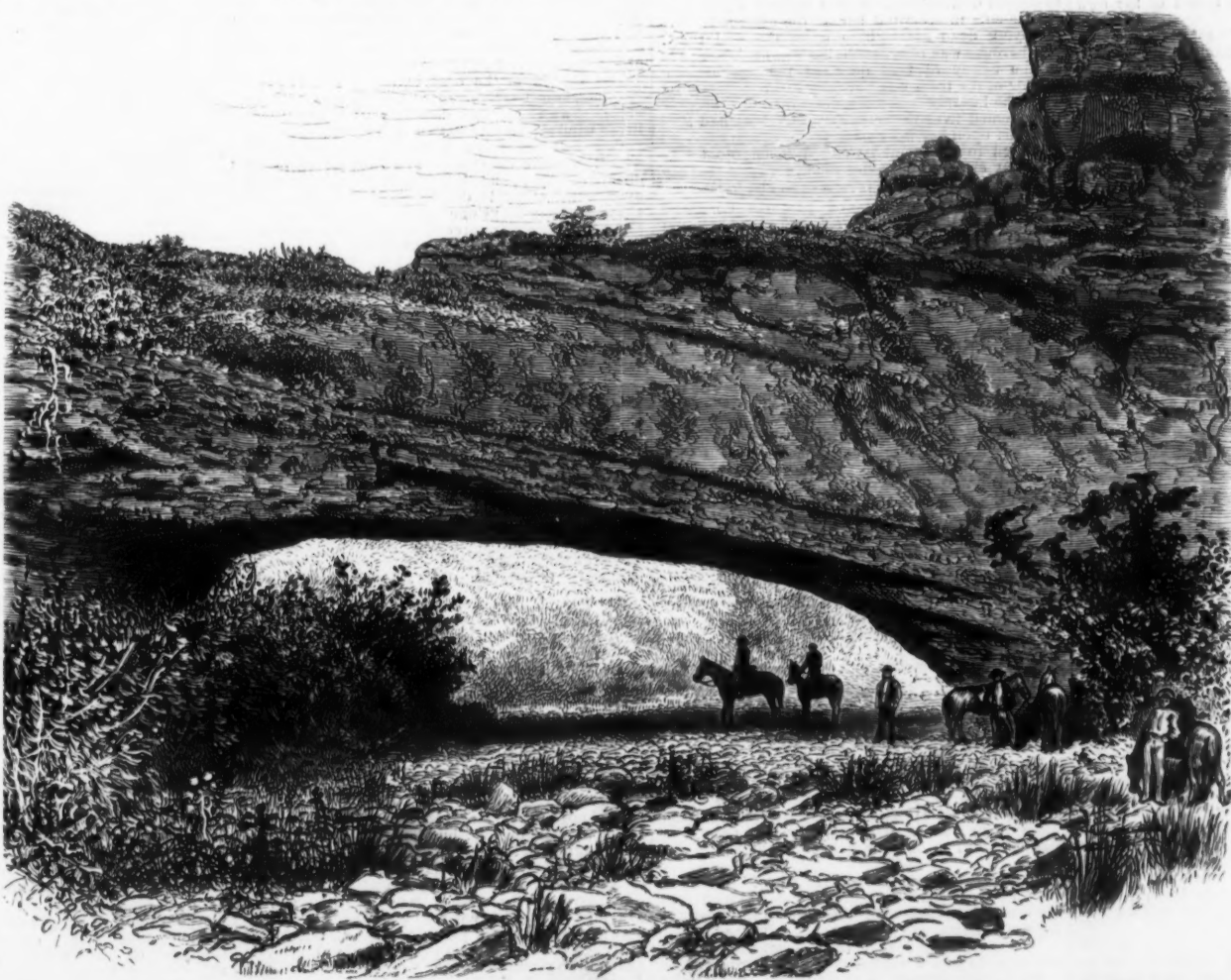
Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, California and Michigan.

It is also asserted that this body is actively

policy, much bad blood has been stirred up, much loud talking indulged in, and much ill-tempered feeling expressed; but, thanks to the spirit and genius of our Government, we have heretofore escaped the introduction of sectarian disputes into our public affairs, and have been spared the fearful and bloody scenes that always follow when the discussion of the way to get to heaven is mixed up with the consideration of the way to govern the country for the good of the people.

In nothing was the good sense of the fathers of our Republic better displayed than in the care they took in framing a Constitution for our country to carefully provide for the largest religious freedom and toleration—completely severing Church and State. The attempts that have heretofore been made to break down this policy have simply resulted in failures, and we hope that the actual movement in that direction may be equally abortive.

But the present aspect of this attempt is the most serious one that we have ever been called upon to meet. For the first time in the history of this country a President of the United States has used the opportunities afforded by his office to drag the disturbing element of religious discussion into our national politics, and the result has been that the excitement in regard to the matter has been intense. First came the speech of General Grant at Des Moines, where, before a meeting of old soldiers drawn together for a social reunion, he stepped aside from his usual silent policy, and strangely lectured them on the subject of religious interference with the school system; then came the President's Message, speaking of evils to the country unless restrictions were placed upon the ambitious designs of the priesthood. This was



WYOMING TERRITORY.—NATURAL BRIDGE—LA PHELE CANYON ON THE NORTH PLATTE—VIEW FROM BELOW.—PHOTO. BY W. H. JACKSON.—SEE PAGE 286.

working for the renomination of Grant for a third term, and other dark hints as to its intentions are thrown out. Whether the Order has been truthfully represented or not in the public press, it seems certain that such an organization exists, and there are many of the councils in this city. We give a view of the building in which Bunker Hill Council No. 2 meet. It is situated at No. 1 Livingston Place. The entrance is on Livingston Place, which bounds Stuyvesant Park on the east. Ascending the stone steps, the visitor passes through an outer and inner door, each guarded by a sentinel, before reaching the hall. About six feet from the entrance are stairs leading up to the rooms occupied by the Eclectic College. A few feet from the inner door, to the left, is the door leading to the Council Room. On entering the Council Room, after giving the password to the outer sentinel, the first object one sees is the platform, which extends along the head of the room from wall to wall, being elevated about two feet from the floor, and about six feet in width. In front of the platform is a table, upon which is a Bible and the charter granted the council by the Supreme Senate. It is usually covered with the national flag. On either side of the President's table on the platform are two others, the one to the right occupied by the Secretary, and the one on the left by the Chaplain.

We also give a sketch of the "grip" used by



THE GRIP.

the Order, which is thus described in their ritual: "The grip of recognition is by clasping the right hand and entwining the small fingers. If both of you are of the same Council, give one pressure with the thumb; if a member of the Legislature, two; if a member of the Senate, three pressures."

"RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW."

BY TENNYSON.

RING out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow.
The Year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly-dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But bring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

By A. S.

THIS night, which will dwell in my memory with vivid distinctness while life and reason are left me, was in October a long while ago. I was at that time a telegraph operator stationed in a little Canadian town upon the Grand Trunk line of railroad.

There were by no means a model place of residence. There were beer-gardens, drinking-saloons, and gambling-houses, out of all proportion to the more respectable shops and residences; we had two arrests of counterfeiters, and there was scarcely a day passed that there was not a brawl amongst the ruffians around us. Still, there was a school, and a timid, blue-eyed woman had come to teach there.

How long an unprotected woman might have lived there, I can only guess, for Alice Holt had been there but three months when she consented to walk into church with me one day, and walked out my wife. This was in July, and we had occupied a pretty cottage nearly a quarter of a mile from the telegraph office since our marriage.

Being the only man employed in the telegraphic business in the town, I was obliged to remain constantly in the office during the day and part of the evening, and Alice herself brought me my dinner and supper.

There was a small room next the office, with a window, but only one door, communicating with the larger room. Here Alice had fitted up a dressing-table, and mirror, wash-stand, and some shelves, where she kept pepper, salt and pickles for my office repasts. The two rooms were on the second floor of a wooden building, that stood alone.

With this necessary introduction I come to the story of that October night, and the part my blue-eyed Alice, only eighteen, and afraid of her own shadow, played in it.

I was in the office at about half-past seven o'clock, when one of the railway officials came in, all flurried, saying:

"Stirling, have you been over to the embankment on the road to-day?"

The embankment was not a quarter of a mile from the office, on the east side.

"No; I have not."

"It was a special providence took me there, then. One of the great masses of rock has rolled down directly across the track. It will be as dark as a wolf's mouth to-night, and if the midnight up-train comes without warning there will be a horrible smash-up."

"It must stop at Postville, then," I replied. "I will send a message."

"Yes. That is what I stepped in for. The down-track is clear, so you need not stop that train."

"All right, sir."

I was standing at the door, seeing my caller down the rickety staircase, when Alice came up with my supper. It was hot and I was cold, so I drew up a table, and opening can and basket, sat down to enjoy it. Time enough for business, I thought, afterwards. As I ate we chatted.

"Any messages to-day?" my wife asked.

"One for John Martin."

"John Martin?" Alice cried; "the greatest ruffian in the neighborhood. What was the message?"

"Midnight train!"

"Was that all?"

"That was all. Mr. Hill had just been in here to tell me there is a huge rock across the track at the embankment, so I shall stop the midnight train at Postville. The passengers must wait a few hours there, and come on in the morning after the track is cleared."

"Have you sent the message, Robert?"

"Not yet. There is plenty of time. That train does not reach Postville till half-past eleven, and it is not yet eight. Yes—it is just striking."

"Better send it, Robert. If there should be an accident, you would never forgive yourself. Send it, while I put some clean towels in the wash-room, and then I will come and sit with you till you can come home."

She went into the dressing-room as she spoke, taking no light, but depending upon the candles burning in the office. I was rising from my seat to send the telegram, when the door opened, and four of the worst characters in the town, led by John Martin, entered the room. Before I could speak two threw me back in my chair, one held a revolver to my head, and John Martin spoke:

"Mr. Hill was here to tell you to stop the up-train. You will not send that message. Listen. The rock is there to stop that train—put there for

that purpose. There is fifty thousand in gold in the train. Do you understand?"

"You would risk all the lives in the train to rob it?" I cried, horror-struck.

"Exactly!" was the cool reply. "One-fifth is yours if you keep back the message. The money has been watched all the way along!"

I saw the whole diabolical scheme at once. If the train came, it would be thrown off at the embankment and easily plundered by the villains who would lie in wait there.

"Come," Martin said, "will you join us?"

"Never!" I cried, indignantly.

"We must force you, then. Tie him fast!"

I trembled for Alice. If only my life were at stake I could have borne it better. But even if we were both murdered, I could not take the blood of the passengers in the train upon my head. Not a sound came from the little room as I was tied hand and foot to my chair, bound so securely that I could not move. It was proposed to gag me, but finally concluded that my cries, if I made any, could not be heard, and a handkerchief was bound over my mouth.

The door of the wash-room was closed and locked, Alice still undiscovered, then the light was blown out, and the ruffians left me, locking the door after them.

There was a long silence. Outside I could hear the step of one of the men pacing up and down, watching. I rubbed my head against the wall behind me, and succeeded in getting the handkerchief off my mouth, to fall round my neck.

I had scarcely accomplished this when there was a tap on the inner door.

"Robert," Alice said.

"Yes, love! Speak low; there is a man under my window."

"Are you alone in the room?"

"Yes, dear."

"I am going to Postville. There is no man under my window, and I can get out there. I have six long roller-towels here, knotted together, and I have cut my white skirt into wide strips to join them. The rope made so reaches nearly to the ground. I shall fasten it to the door-knob and let myself down. It will not take long to reach home, saddle Selim and reach Postville in time. Don't fear for me. When you hear a hen cackling under my window, you will know I am safely on the ground."

Little Alice! My heart throbbed heavily as I heard her heroic proposal, but I dared not stop her.

"Heaven bless and protect you," I said, and listened for her signal. Soon the cackling noise told me the first step of her perilous undertaking was taken.

It was dark, cloudy, and threatening a storm, and, as nearly as I could guess, close upon nine o'clock. She had to go six miles, and I could only wait and pray. I was too much stunned even yet to realize the heroism of this timid woman, starting alone upon the dark ride, through a wild country with a storm threatening.

Nine o'clock! As the bell of the church-clock ceased to strike, a rumble, a flash, told me a thunder-storm was coming rapidly. Oh, the long, long minutes of the next hour!

Ten o'clock. The rain falling in torrents, the thunder peeling, lightning flashing! Alice was so afraid of lightning! Often I had held her, white as death, trembling, almost fainting, in such a storm as this. Had she feared to start, with the storm in prospect, or was she lying somewhere on the wild road, overcome by terror, or perhaps stricken by lightning?

Eleven o'clock. The storm was over, though still the night was inky black—no sound to cheer me, none to make the hideous suspense more endurable. A host of possibilities, like frightful nightmares, chased one another through my tortured brain.

Would the next hour never pass? Once the clock tolled midnight, all was safe.

I was drenched with perspiration wrung from me by mental agony one hour, chilled with horror the next. No words can describe the misery of waiting as the minutes dragged slowly along. In the dead silence a far-off sound struck a thrill of horror to my heart, far exceeding even the previous agony. Far, far away, a faint whistle came through the night-air. Nearer and nearer, then the distant rumble of the train growing more and more distinct.

The midnight up-train was coming swiftly, surely, to certain destruction! Where was my wife? Had the ruffians intercepted her at the cottage? Was she lying dead somewhere upon the wild road? Her heroism was of no avail, but was her life saved? In the agony of that question the approaching rumble of the train was partially lost; far more did I feel the bitterness of Alice dead than the horror of the doomed lives the train carried. Why had I let her start upon her mad errand?

I tried to move, and writhed in impotent fury upon my chair, forcing the cruel cords to tear my flesh as I vainly tried to loosen even one hand.

The heavy train rumbled past the telegraph office. It was an express train, and did not stop at my station; but as I listened, every sense sharpened by my mental torture, it seemed to me that the speed slackened. Listening intently, I knew that it stopped at the embankment, as nearly as I could judge. Not with the sickening crash I expected, not preceding wails and groans from the injured passengers, but gradually and carefully. A moment more and I heard shots, the crack of firearms, sounds of some conflict.

What could it all mean? The minutes were hours, till I heard a key turn in the door of my prison, and a moment later two tender arms were round my neck, and Alice was whispering in my ear:

"They will come in a few minutes, love, to set you free! The villains left the key in the door! I thought of that before I started, but there was a man at the front watching. I crept round the house and I saw him, so I did not dare to be seen."

"But have you been to Postville?"

"Yes, dear."

"In all that storm?"

"Selim seemed to understand. He carried me swiftly and surely. I was well wrapped in my waterproof cloak and hood. When I reached Postville the train had not come up."

"But it is here?"

"Only the locomotive and one carriage. In that carriage were a sheriff, deputy sheriff, and twenty men armed to the teeth, to capture the gang at the embankment. I came, too, and they lowered me from the platform when the speed slackened, so that I could run in here and tell you all was safe!"

While we spoke my wife's fingers had first untied the handkerchief around my neck, and then, in the dark, found some of the knots of the cords binding me. But I was still tied fast and strong, when there was a rush of many feet upon the staircase, and in another moment light and joyful voices.

"We've captured the whole nine!" was the good news. "Three, including John Martin, are desperately wounded, but the surprise was perfect! Now, old fellow, for you!"

A dozen clasp-knives at once severed my bonds, and a dozen hands were extended in greeting.

As for the praises showered upon my plucky

little wife, it would require a volume to tell half of them.

The would-be assassins and robbers were sent for trial, and would have escaped had not John Martin, on his deathbed, turned Queen's evidence. His ante-mortem testimony sent the survivors to penal servitude.

Alice and I left for a more civilized community the following year. But before we went, there was an invitation sent to us to meet a committee from the railroad company at Postville. We accepted; had a dinner, were toasted and complimented, and then Alice was presented with a silver tea-service, as a testimonial from the passengers upon that threatened down-train, the company and railroad directors, in token of their gratitude for the lives and property saved by our heroine.

NATURAL BRIDGE,

ON THE NORTH PLATTE, WYOMING TERRITORY.

ON the North Platte, ten miles south from Fort Fetterman, in La Prele Cañon, is situated the great natural curiosity which is said to rival its famous namesake in Virginia. The cañon itself is formed by the passage of the creek through a long ridge that extends from La Bonta to the Red Buttes. Where La Prele emerges from the cañon, it cuts through the limestone and red beds at right angles, forming a regular gorge, with walls from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet in height. At the head of this gorge the stream has at some time changed its bed, passing directly through a point of rocks that extend across the channel. The old bed is now overgrown with trees and bushes, but is fifty feet higher than the present one. The stream, it is said, must have changed its course, bringing its waters against this rock, and finding a fissure opening through it, gradually wore its present channel. As a bridge it is as perfect as could be desired. The opening beneath is about one hundred and fifty feet wide by fifty high.

All this region is full of the most striking curiosities of Nature. The Fort Fetterman alluded to is named after Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel William I. Fetterman, who was killed at the Fort Phil Kearney massacre, December 21st, 1866, and was established in July of the year following.

A very pleasant and picturesque feature of La Bonta is the beautiful meadow-like valleys, covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, while all about are dry, parched, sage-covered hills, and the magnificent cotton-woods, with widespreading branches and dense foliage.

SCENES AT THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS.

A RIDE IN THE ELEVATOR.

THE Sawyer Observatory, on Belmont Hill, Fairmount Park, an exterior view of which was given in the large engraving of the Centennial Grounds published by us a few weeks ago, is a point of attraction to visitors. The observatory is 185 feet high, and, standing upon elevated ground, the platform at the top of the shaft is 410 feet above the level of the Schuylkill River. It is worked on the principle of the elevators now so common in our lofty buildings. The main shaft—which is eight feet in diameter at the bottom, tapering to three feet at the top—is a hollow tube of boiler-plates. The edge of each plate rests on the edge of the plate immediately below it, instead of overlapping, thus throwing the weight directly on the plates, instead of upon the rivets. A strong stone foundation was first built, to which ten cast-iron supports were bolted, and on these supports the bottom of the shaft rests, securely bolted to its place. At the top of the shaft is a platform about twenty feet in diameter, surrounded by a strong iron rail, and covered with a wire netting to prevent persons from falling or jumping off. A car runs from the top to the bottom to carry passengers. It is raised or lowered by eight steel wire cables, and is prevented from falling, should the cables give way, by steel clamps acting on perpendicular rods, which will immediately stop the car and hold it in position. The shaft is steadied by eight wire cables firmly set in masonry. The car will carry about forty passengers comfortably, and the platform on top of the shaft will hold about one hundred and twenty-five persons.

The view from the observatory is one of great grandeur and beauty, and covers an area of many miles. Far to the east can be seen the Delaware River winding its way between the States of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, until its waters mingle with the noble Delaware Bay lying far off in the distance. On the north and west the eye can roam over miles of fields dotted with the towns and villages of the Keystone State. Nearer, the great city of Philadelphia spreads out like a huge map before the spectators, while at their feet the beautiful Fairmount Park, with its wealth of hill and dale and tree and shrub, looks like a charming garden. Add to the delightful view the attraction of the ride through the air in the comfortable, neatly upholstered car, giving all the pleasurable sensation of a balloon ascension, without the fear of danger, and it is not to be wondered at that the observatory is so well patronized by visitors. Our artist has given a view of the interior of the car on its upward flight. It gives an excellent idea of the scene to be witnessed there every day, and the car-load of beauties would be well calculated to make a spectator, who viewed it from some quiet spot near by, imagine that the dream of the old patriarch was being repeated before his eyes, with the modern elevator substituted for the ancient ladder, but the angels remaining the same, except in costume, as when they went up and down the golden rods in Jacob's Dream.

THE WORKMEN'S DINNER-HOUR.

Another full-page Centennial sketch is given on page 293, showing a scene near the main building during the dinner-hour. The army of workmen employed in and around the various buildings present an interesting study of human character, and in our picture are grouped many types of the classes to be found in the busy multitude. All grades, from the skilled artisan to the common laborer, find work upon the immense buildings and in preparing the grounds; but our sketch principally introduces some of the rougher workmen. Their noontide meal is not such a one as our dainty citizens linger over in comfortable dining-rooms, nor are the accessories so inviting as can be found at Delmonico's, but "good digestion waits on appetite" at these *al fresco* meals upon the greensward of the Centennial grounds. These honest men have earned their dinners, and from the well-filled tin-cans the homely fare is eaten with a greater relish and a clearer conscience than many a sumptuous banquet prepared with all the skill of a French cook. The fires that are built at intervals around the ground to warm the benumbed limbs of the workmen in this freezing weather are utilized

to heat the food which has been brought from their homes by the men. Around these fires gather the honest laborers at meal-times, giving a social air to the scene. Occasionally a careful housewife can be found in the group, bringing to her husband his dinner, in the inevitable tin-can, securely wrapped about with thick flannel in order to retain the heat. Sable vendors of cakes and pies may also be seen vending their wares, which serve as a dessert to the more substantial viands.

STROUSBERG,

CHAMPION CONTRACTOR OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

COMMENTING on the financial history of Mr. Strousberg, as detailed by its Berlin correspondent, the London *Times* says his career is such as the world is accustomed to read of chiefly in the exaggerations of avowed fiction. The great contractor, the subject of this romance of real life, is first heard of as having gone out to America, in 1848, as a teacher of languages. Thence he rose, after many vicissitudes of fortune, to a position of a most unexampled splendor. But the end apparently is that, after being engaged in undertakings of various kinds, with a power of dealing with millions and tens of millions of money, in almost every country of Continental Europe, he now lies in the Debtors' Prison at Moscow, a bankrupt, hopelessly involved, and with a distant and uncertain prospect of paying some small dividend to his creditors. The interest of his life lies, of course, wholly between these two extreme periods, and great as it becomes at last, it is some time before we begin to catch the faintest glimpse of it.

His visit to America was not a long one. His next appearance was in London, and then in Berlin. He is shown to us in 1870, in the full flood of his fortunes, railway contractor in half a dozen countries at once, with enormous resources of his own, and with almost unlimited credit. He is an engine manufacturer on a vast scale; he is master of two or three gigantic ironworks; he has mines, lands and money at discretion; he has lately opened a cattle-market and slaughter-houses at Berlin; and, finally, he has just paid three and a half millions of francs as the mere caution money of a contract to purchase the southern citadel of Antwerp as building ground. The sums with which he is dealing at this time are said to amount to the almost incredible total sum of seventy millions sterling.

To a speculator thus widely involved, the Franco-German War of 1875 could not fail to be most disastrous. To Mr. Strousberg it was, owing to the peculiar character of his dealings, almost destruction. He was receiving payment for his railways, not in money, but in shares, and it was essential for him to be able at once to realize the value of these, and so obtain funds to feed his numerous undertakings. In time of war, and of general commercial depression, his securities were well-nigh valueless, and Mr. Strousberg, though his spirit never failed him, found it very hard work indeed to keep afloat. The next year was, unluckily enough, the time chosen by the Roumanian Government to refuse payment of the interest guaranteed on a network of railways which Mr. Strousberg had been constructing for them. The shares in these railways had been sold, and the interest had to be found for them by Mr. Strousberg himself. Found it was, at an enormous sacrifice, but after a short interval of insolvency, the occurrence of which was the first great stroke to Mr. Strousberg's credit. The next two or three years form a period of alternate retrogression and advance. We find Mr. Strousberg at one time endeavoring to bring his schemes within reasonable compass, selling, mortgaging, forfeiting enormous deposits of caution money, then again launching out into new projects on an even vaster scale than ever, and again forced to contract his aims under the pressure of financial difficulties. In the course of 1874, and early in the present year, he seems, however, to have collected himself for a supreme effort. He established several vast manufacturing plants in various parts of Germany, and in Russia; he bought back his mines and ironworks, and acquired new ones in addition to them; he undertook fresh railway contracts, in France among the rest, obtaining advances from every quarter open to him, and, among others, from the Commercial Bank of Moscow. According to his own statement, it has been simply the refusal of this bank to grant him further accommodation which has led to his bankruptcy and ruin. Two million roubles more would have been the saving of himself and of his creditors; but the roubles were not forthcoming, and the present catastrophe is the result.

The business affairs in which Mr. Strousberg is involved have proved to be much more extensive than they were supposed to be at the first moment of his failure, but the disaster is somewhat less complete. His undertakings, though of little present value, if realized, may, it is declared, even now turn out well, if they could be but properly carried through. The chief difficulty is that Mr. Strousberg is in prison, and that all his property has passed into official hands.

WAKING UP THE WRONG MAN.

HOW A PARTY OF MINERS FRIGHTENED A "SNOOZER."

AN evening or two since some of the employees of the Ophir Company found an intoxicated man sleeping off his over-allowance of "tarantula juice" among the shavings in one of the temporary shops near the works. They had some trouble in getting the fellow aroused, and more in trying to make him comprehend where he was, or, rather, that he was not in a place where he legitimately belonged.

It was determined by the men who found the boozey party that they would give him such a fright that he would never again venture within a mile of the works. Therefore they told their man that they had positive orders to kill any person found about the works after dark. They said it was a thing they did not like to do, but the works had lately been destroyed by fire, and the company were not in a humor to take any more chances—their orders were imperative.

The man tried to beg off, saying that he did not know how he came into the shed, and swearing, by all that was good and bad, he meant no harm; but it would not do.

He was seized and dragged some distance up the hill, towards the Masonic Cemetery, to a place in the open country where five or six rifled cannon, belonging to the Nevada Artillery, have been standing since the day of the fire. Two stout men then seized the trembling "snoozer," and placing his head in front of the muzzle of one of the guns, told him he had but three minutes to live, as they were about to blow his head off.

Again the man begged for mercy, saying that he had only taken a drop too much, and had got into the shed he knew not how, but certainly without any evil intentions.

Said a man who had taken his place at the breach

of the gun, and was taking some matches from his vest-pocket: "If you have any word to leave for a wife, an old father and mother, or any friend or relative, you will do well to make known your wishes."

"I reckon I hain't got airy wife, or old father or mother, or anybody else as cares a chaw of tobacco about me."

"Well, but have you no dying wish, no dying request?"

"Wall, now you talk. Mout I make a request?"

"You may, and be quick about it (lighting a match), as when I apply this match to the touch-hole of this gun, off goes your head. You have a request to make?"

"Stranger, I hev."

"Out with it, then. We can't fool with you all night when there may be other firebugs prowling about the works."

"I kin hev my last request, then?"

"You can."

"You won't go back on me?"

"No."

"Whatever I ax you'll grant?"

"Don't I say so? Let's hear your dying request, or dab goes a match into this powder, and off goes your head!"

"Well, then, as I have your word as a gentleman, my last and only desire is that you'll put me at the other end of the bow before yer stick that match inter its touch-hole."

"Too thin!" cried all hands. "Good, but too thin! You don't get off that way!"

"Oh, ho!" said the snoozer, "you go back on yer word, do yer? Yer don't know who I am, I reckon. You don't know you've picked up Bill Slicer from the Muddy Fork of the Mohican!"

And suddenly shaking himself free of the hold of the men who held his arms, he reached down into the top of his right boot and brought out a revolver nearly as large as a Gatling gun.

"Oh, ho!" cocking the formidable shooting-iron, "go back on your word? Go back on my dyin' request? Now I know the kind of men I've got to deal with—infant liars and murderers!"

Half this speech had not been concluded—indeed, the pistol had hardly clicked—before there was a wild scattering of the little party of practical jokers.

They ran behind the groups of cannon, bounded over the cemetery fence towards the shelter of the tombstones, and, in short, rolled and tumbled in all directions.

"Oh, ho!" cried Old Bill, "why don't yer stand by yer gun? Come out of yer holes! You've got a bigger gun nor I hev, but I've got the most shots, and I'll give yer a fair fight and die game! Wal, here's some for you at random!"

And Old Bill let off a couple of shots among the cannon and tombstones.

The jokers were mighty glad when their old snoozer ceased to rage about the spot, and took his way muttering towards the distant lights of the town.—*Territorial Enterprise, December 4th.*

SHAKESPEARE AS AN ACTOR.

I HAVE little doubt that Shakespeare was an excellent actor, but too quiet, simple, and natural in his acting to please the public taste, which demanded loudness, bombastic action, declamation, and exaggeration. The same characteristics still exist on the English stage, and I suppose they have always existed. Partridge's opinion of Garrick and his acting represents the popular feeling of to-day. He was too natural—too "simple, natural, affecting"—anybody might act *Hamlet* like him. Give me the king for my money, says Partridge, or he who could strut and declaim and tear a passion to rags. *Hamlet's* advice to the players shows what Shakespeare's notion of good acting was. It was to hold the mirror up to nature—not to rant and strut and scream like the town-crier, to split the ears of the groundlings. But the public taste was different. They liked what they did not see in life—just as the chambermaids and middle classes of to-day like novels of high life, and ghastly adventures, and sensational incidents, and murders. I am sorry to say that even among educated persons there is a preference in England for exaggerated action in tragedy and in comedy. Comedy on our stage is but too often turned into farce and grimace; tragedy into rant, and what is called eloquence, God save the mark! which means artificial intonation and pronunciation, such as no human being in his senses would use in daily life. There are exceptions, I know, to this, but it is characteristic of English acting. I am sometimes afraid that the tragic actor will burst a blood-vessel in his violence, and I am pretty sure the comic actor will descend to grimace and caricature to get a laugh from the pit, and to split the ears of the groundlings. It is a satisfaction by way of exception to hear such quiet acting as that of Mr. Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle"; and I am glad to see in some theatres, and among some of the actors, a better and simpler taste growing up, and at least an effort to render nature.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A NORTHERN HERO.

PERHAPS there is not a severer test of heroic courage than a voluntary encounter with great perils alone, where an escape from those perils has been opened of which others have availed themselves. Such heroism was recorded recently in the case of a Norwegian captain, Captain Adder Hanson, who on the 6th of October last left Gefle with a cargo of iron and deals for England, and whose bark encountered, on the 19th of October, so fearful a gale that all the pumps were disabled, the ship's side injured, and a great deal of the deck-load washed away. On the 20th of October a smack came in sight, and Captain Hansen's crew, not believing the vessel could live, left him with his bark "rolling most fearfully." The captain remained alone, in the hope of getting his bark into Grimsby, in which he finally succeeded. Alone he managed to set the foresail and mainsail, and to light the side-lights and the binnacle-light, and then steered toward the west. He was so fatigued that he several times fell down from sheer weariness, and during the night he had several squalls. The cabin was full of water, which did much damage as it rolled with the rolling of the vessel, and when he got the bark into the Humber, Captain Hansen's strength was spent.

A TRUE LADY.

A WOMAN'S worth is to be estimated by the real goodness of her heart, the greatness of her soul and the purity and sweetness of her character; and a woman with kindly disposition and well-balanced mind and temper is lovely and attractive, be her face ever so plain and her figure ever so homely.

A WORTHLESS FORTUNE.

THE Paris *Liberte* says that under the flooring of a house which is being pulled down in the Rue de Jadinet for the purpose of extending the Boulevard St. Germain, some workmen found a paper-parcel containing 100,000 francs in notes. They had

doubtless been hidden there during the Reign of Terror. Unfortunately for the finders, who might have claimed half the amount, the sum was in assignats, which are, of course, worthless as a monetary medium, and as curiosities might perhaps fetch a couple of francs.

PAPER PRODUCTION.

DR. RYDAL calculates that the quantity of paper produced in the whole world—paper of all kinds, of hemp, of linen, of straw, of jute, of rice, etc., amounts to 1,800,000,000 lbs. Half of this quantity is employed for printing purposes, a sixth for writing purposes, and the remaining part for divers uses. The whole may be thus categorized: For Government purposes, 200,000,000 lbs. are used; for instruction, 180,000,000; for commerce, 240,000,000; for industrial manufacture, 180,000,000; for private correspondence, 100,000,000; and for printing, 900,000,000. For the production of these 1,800,000,000 lbs. of paper there are 3,960 manufacturing establishments, employing 90,000 and 180,000 women. In addition, 100,000 persons are engaged in collecting rags. At the present moment the United States import only 3,000,000 lbs., local paper-making amounting to 374,000,000 lbs.

STRANGE TASTES.

THE incident of the *homme à la fourchette*, the man who swallowed a fork in Paris in April last, has inspired Dr. Mignon with the idea of collecting all records of similar cases. He has been able to find details of one hundred and sixty-three; and it would be difficult to imagine anything more astonishing than the catalogue (given in the *Union Médicale*) of the objects swallowed by either veritable lunatics or what may be termed sane idiots. Among the very indigestible and uncomfortable items catalogued we find fifteen gold medals, hair rings innumerable, one hundred and seventy-five francs, a shoe-buckle, nine inches of a sword-blade, very sharp scissors, eighty pins, a baby's bottle, the caetera of a night-stool, an entire set of dominoes—the size of which, however, is not stated—one hundred *louis d'or*, a flute four inches long, a glass phial, thirty-five knives, a clay pipe, from fourteen hundred to fifteen hundred pins, a bar of lead weighing a pound, a whetstone, and, in three instances, a table-fork. But the most extraordinary of all these cases occurred in the instance of a convict who died at Brest in 1773, and on whose body a necropsy was performed. The stomach was completely displaced, and it contained fifty-two different objects, weighing altogether one pound ten ounces. Among them was a part of the hoop of a barrel, nineteen inches long and one inch wide.

WHERE PERFUMES COME FROM.

OUR fair readers may be interested to learn where, for the most part, the flowers grow, the sweet perfumes of which are found in those pretty fragrances on their dressing-tables. The chief places of their growth are the south of France and Piedmont, namely: Montpellier, Grasse, Nîmes, Cannes and Nice; these two last, especially, are the paradise of violets, and furnish a yearly product of about 13,000 pounds of violet-blossoms. Nice furnishes a harvest of 100,000 pounds of orange-blossoms, and Cannes as much again, and of a finer color; 550 pounds of orange-blossoms yielding about two pounds of Neroli oil. At Cannes the acacia thrives well, and produces yearly about 9,000 pounds of acacia-blossoms. One great perfumery distillery at Cannes uses yearly 140,000 pounds of rose-leaves, 32,000 pounds of jasmine-blossoms, 20,000 pounds of violets and 8,000 pounds of tuberose, together with a great many other sweet herbs. The extraction of the ethereal oils, the small quantities of which are mixed in the flowers with such large quantities of other vegetable juices that it requires about six hundred pounds of rose-leaves to win one ounce of otto of roses, demands a very careful treatment. The French, favored by their climate, are the most active, although the most careful, preparers of perfumes; half of the world is furnished by this branch of their industry.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, so calculated to elevate and refine the mass of the people as the cultivation among them of that perception of the beautiful, the germ of which is implanted in every human breast, and which is a feeling capable of the greatest development. In support of this statement many valuable authorities could be quoted. Changing, for one, gives it as his opinion that "no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished." And throughout this universe of ours there is ample provision for this principle. Scarcely anything is so universally diffused as beauty—could we but see it, it is everywhere. It looks down at us from the stars, and the clouds, and the sunsets. It rests on the snowy peaks of the far-away hills, and trembles in the glittering dew-drops at our feet. It peeps up shyly from the opening petals of the flowers, and waves above us in the leafy branches of the trees. In the dazzling brightness of the noontide it shines upon us; and in the deepening shadows of the twilight it still surrounds us—the whole world is flooded with it. But so blunted are our senses, that frequently we are totally unconscious of its presence. Did we but realize fully how all-pervading it is, how it lurks in every nook and corner, and enfolds us on every side, we should be infinitely better, and, of necessity, infinitely happier than we are.

A MUSCULAR CHRISTIAN YANKEE IN SYRIA.

THE Damascus correspondent of the *American Traveler* sketches thus a unique specimen of those few Americans who have voluntarily gone into permanent exile abroad:

"Then he'll do it!" exclaimed the man to whom I had said that we had engaged Rolla Floyd to accompany us from Damascus to Jaffa. "You have been fortunate in securing that mysterious man. His name is worth a hundred rifles against any tribe in Syria."

Floyd was one of a colony of Americans who left the pine-forests of Maine, in the United States, some ten or a dozen years ago, to settle in the Holy Land, to be there ready to greet the Blessed Redeemer at His second coming. But dissensions, bitter and irreconcilable, arose among them in Jaffa; they were looked upon with hate and suspicion by Jews, Arabs and Mohammedans; their crops were stolen as fast as they ripened, and many of the men, falling out of work, took to drink. They lost their lands, bordering the plains of Sharon, near Jaffa, by a fine point of Turkish law, and, through the combined effects of death, ill-luck and licentiousness, the members became mad, drunk and reckless, and of all that devoted praying-band, every member of which, when leaving America, was justly famed for purity, piety, faith and virtue, there only remains in Palestine, as far as I could ascertain, Rolla Floyd and his worthy and amiable wife.

These two unwavering Christians remained true to Christ, and true to themselves. Mrs. Floyd made friends among the natives by her needle, her medicines and her patient tenderness with all who were afflicted, while Mr. Floyd started the pioneer express of Syria by carrying letters and packages between Jaffa and Jerusalem, on week days, and preaching the word of God, without money and without price, on Sunday.

His fine athletic form, and his wonderful strength, coupled with his invariable kindness of heart and mildness of temper, soon created a marked sensation among the natives; for, when finding them in personal quarrel, and rolling in the dust like fierce mastiffs, he frequently rushed into the crowd, and, grasping the two combatants by the napes of their necks—one in each hand—slowly walked down to the sandy shores of the Mediterranean, and soused them into the briny surf until promises of peace and reconciliation had been given. Frequent attempts were made to rob his express of valuable packages, but he always managed to capture one or both of the bandits, and, compelling them to listen to an impressive sermon on honesty, he always let them off on receiving promises of reformation. By this kindness, in not turning his prisoners over to Turkish vengeance, and his entire fearlessness, he in time became as great an idol among the deperate thieves and cutthroats as he was among the most upright.

With a memory that seems to be without limit, he shortly became entire master of the Arabic, so that he speaks it with an accurate fluency acquired by few not born on the desert. In his familiarity with the Bible he surpasses all men I have ever seen, quoting from memory almost any verse that may be called for between Genesis and Revelations. It is asserted by those who have known him intimately for years that they have never seen him display anger, surprise, or boisterous mirth. Traveling as a missionary throughout the entire length and breadth of Palestine, and becoming familiar with every lake, hill, valley, cave, stream and mountain mentioned in the Bible, he is to-day the best informed in biblical history and topography of any man living. The American Government has twice offered him a consulship; but his reply has been: "I shall make less money, but perform more labor among the poor children of God, by remaining in the field."

Once every month he regularly makes his appearance in Jerusalem, and takes his seat in the East as the W. M. of the Royal Solomon Mother Lodge, F. A. M., which position he has long held by the unanimous vote of the members.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA keeps the pictorial journals of London supplied with numerous illustrations. From these we select two—the lively scene in Bombay Harbor on the arrival of H.M.S. the *Serpent*, and a view of the preparations by the dusky "supporters of the Crown" for illuminating Bombay in honor of the Prince of Wales.

DURING THE RECENT INUNDATIONS IN ENGLAND the Great Western Railway was flooded to such an extent that several persons literally "paddled their own canoes" along the line for a considerable distance. The road from Oxford to Abingdon was also deeply flooded. Passengers from London left the trains at Radley Station, and were conveyed in vehicles of all descriptions through the floods to Oxford. Mr. A. G. Wetherby, of Exeter College, who made the sketch which we reproduce, says: "Whilst on the road, in a cruise with a friend, I saw in the course of a few minutes a coach and four—with three horses trotting behind for changing—about five 'Hansoms,' and several flys and cabs pass by. This is the incident I have tried to depict, having jotted it down on paper whilst in the canoe."

THE TRIAL OF HENRY AND THOMAS WAINWRIGHT, in the Central Criminal Court in London, must be ranked among the most memorable *causes célèbres* of modern times. The story of the shocking crime for which they were arraigned is familiar to all readers of daily journals on both sides of the Atlantic. It was dramatically yet simply told by the Lord Chief Justice of England, in the presence of a breathless audience to the jury of twelve, who, after retiring for deliberation, came back into court with a verdict in which they found Henry Wainwright guilty of the murder of Harriet Lane, his mistress, and found his brother Thomas guilty of being an accessory after the fact. Henry Wainwright was hanged on Tuesday last, December 21st. The engraving is from a sketch taken in Court while John Lane, the father of the murdered woman, was under examination.

THE FRENCH IRONCLAD CORVETTE "LA VICTORIEUSE," constructed after the plans of M. Sabetier, director of naval construction, and carrying thirteen cannons, was launched at Toulon on the 18th of November.

THE STEAMER "HECTOR," belonging to a wealthy English shipowner, struck on the reefs at the entrance of the harbor of Amoy, in China, about eight o'clock in the evening of the 6th of October, and on the following morning went to pieces. Fortunately, help arrived in time to prevent loss of life. But whatever of the rich cargo of teas and silks which the steamer was carrying to London chance to be spared by the furious waves became the prey of piratical Chinese wreckers.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES

FOR WEEK ENDING DEC. 25TH, 1875.

A GRAND concert was given at Steinway Hall, on the 20th, by Madame Sterling, assisted by Theodore Thomas's orchestra. The delightful singer was heartily applauded after each of her fresh songs, and recalled twice at the close of the concert. . . . The second series of piano concerts by Dr. Von Bülow was announced to begin on the 27th, at Chickering Hall. . . . "Pique" is creating such a *furor* that hundreds are turned away nightly at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Two performances were given on Christmas. . . . The Lyceum Theatre was the scene of the most rollicking amusement last week, the French Comedy Company, producing, among other pieces, "Le Homard" and the vaudeville "Les Chevaliers du Prince-Nex." . . . Mr. John Brougham is said to be preparing a comedy for the Fifth Avenue Theatre. . . . On account of his recent accident, Charles Fechter was obliged to cancel his engagement at the Lyceum. . . . The San Francisco Minstrels fairly outdid themselves through the week with a superb olio of oddities. . . . "Julius Caesar" was set down for introduction at Booth's on the 27th. The remarkably strong cast and the truly gorgeous setting of the great tragedy insure for it a most prosperous season. . . . Mr. Oakley Hall's success, both as actor and playwright, has become firmly established by the good fortune of "Crucible" at the Park. . . . Miss Agnes Ethel is announced as studying a new play to be produced at the Twenty-third Street Theatre soon. . . . An uncommonly fine holiday pantomime, burlesque harlequinade and transformation, prepared for Hart's Eagle Theatre, was postponed to the 27th, on account of the vast labor of preparation and practice. . . . "Rose Michel," at the Union Square, and "Bosom Friends," at Wallack's, have suffered no diminution of appreciation.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

FRANCE has been granted increased space.

FOR space in the Italian Department 6,000 applications have been made.

THE shoe and leather trade of Boston have decided to erect an independent building.

SIGNOR BLANC, the Italian Minister to Washington, has been nominated Centennial Commissioner.

THEY are now packing for Philadelphia the choicest collections exhibited at Melbourne, Australia, last month.

AN association has been formed to collect sufficient money to erect a magnificent bronze lamp-post for each State.

SIX of the thirteen original States have designated their military contribution of 100 men to the Centennial Legion.

THE Virginia Senate rejected a bill appropriating \$10,000 for the transportation of exhibits collected in the State.

PHILADELPHIANS are inquiring of each other, "The Subsidy Resolution doesn't cover the Centennial appropriation, does it?"

BIELLA, in Piedmont, proposes to send its manufactured cloths and hats to Philadelphia. The articles took prizes at London, Paris and Vienna.

INSTEAD of making a large national subscription, all the chief cities of Italy have appropriated funds to defray the expense of local exhibitors.

A CENTENNIAL rally was held at the City Hall, Gloucester, Mass., on the 27th ult., to perfect plans for representing the fishing interests of Cape Ann.

THE California Commissioners are about petitioning the Legislature for an appropriation of \$50,000 to aid the display of State industries and curiosities.

IT has been suggested that on the first evening of the Centennial year there be a general illumination of the houses, and exhibition of Christmas-trees at the parlor windows.

SUBSCRIPTION papers have been handed to the teachers of all the public schools in Attleborough, Mass., for the purpose of aiding them in collecting money for Centennial stock.

IT has been proposed that the States and Territories on the Pacific Slope unite in the construction of an independent building in which the marvelous products of the region may be grouped.

A PHILADELPHIA brewing firm have paid \$50,000 for the monopoly of the sale of beer on the grounds. As they expect to dispose of 300,000 barrels, they are contracting with other brewers to assist them.

THE Commission to represent Mexico at the Centennial is making efforts to have their country in the musical line represented by the best military band in the world, and they have the material to do it with.

WILLIAM B. SPOONER, of Boston, has resigned the position of Vice-President of the United States Centennial Commission, and thereby vacates his position as a member *ex officio* of the Massachusetts State Commission.

THE Hon. George Bancroft believes that the coming Centennial Exposition will in every respect excel any international exhibition ever before given. He thinks it will drive away hard times and encourage immigration to an astonishing extent.

THERE will be coined at the United States Mint from the old cannon captured during the Mexican War a quantity of medals to be presented to such survivors of the War of 1846-7 as may congregate in Philadelphia on the Fourth of July next.

AS Ireland has been denied a separate building, and all her exhibits will be in the name of Great Britain, it is expected that the gathering of Irishmen about the Father Matthew Monument in the Park on the Fourth of July will be a monster demonstration.

A CONTRACT was signed last week for the erection of a building containing a space of 53,000 square feet to be situated north of the main building, and to be annexed to it. It will cost \$53,000 and be used exclusively for the display of carriages and vehicles of all kinds.

THE exhibition of the Massachusetts school system will be very elaborate. Four schools, respectively of a large city, a smaller city, a village and a sparsely settled rural hamlet, will each represent its own highest attainments under the old Commonwealth school system.

ON Wednesday, December 29th, one delegate from every Odd Fellow Lodge in New Jersey will meet at Trenton, with the Centennial Committee of the Grand Lodge, to prepare for the parade of the Order in Philadelphia next year. Many of the encampments are about adopting a uniform for the public procession.

THE circular letter of Mrs. Gillespie, President of the Woman's Centennial Executive Committee, professing to confine the exhibits in a great measure to representations of sculpture, painting, literature, engraving, telegraphy, lithography, education, inventions of all kinds, etc.—a classification which omits women's clothing in all its branches—gives great dissatisfaction in all quarters.

THE object in removing the Horace Greeley homestead to the Centennial Grounds is to afford some suitable building as the headquarters for the people who claim a home among New Hampshire's hills. The State appropriation is too small to allow the erection of such a building as would be wanted, and it is believed the Greeley homestead would answer every purpose. Relic-hunters have already carried away the doorstep of the house, and cut up the apple-trees in the orchard for canes.

AT a meeting held at Rutland, on Dec. 22d, called by the Vermont Centennial Commissioner, Dr. Goldsmith, the following Executive Committee was appointed by Governor Peck: John N. Baxter, Jacob Estey, W. R. Sanford, Lawrence Brainerd and H. H. Hall. The duty of this Committee is to take measures to raise money to secure a suitable place for the Vermont headquarters at the Centennial, and to provide means for this and a representation of the State at large. Much enthusiasm was exhibited at the meeting.

THE Dutch Government will show at the Centennial Exhibition a collective model illustrating the progress made by Holland in hydraulic engineering, and consisting of groups of models of the principal great reclamation and other works undertaken by the State. Among them will be shown the Haarlem drainage, the new canal, the Dordrecht steel bridge, the Kullenberg railway, a new steam pump, copper models of sluices, relief map of the Zuyder Zee, etc. The objects are now being shown to the public before being packed for America.

THE following gentlemen have been selected as the Special Centennial Committee of the House of Representatives: Hon. James Hopkins, of Pennsylvania; Hon. John Hancock, of Texas; Hon. W. H. Barnum, of Connecticut; Hon. N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts; Hon. Carter H. Harrison, of Illinois; Hon. William J. O'Brien, of Maryland; Hon. A. S. Williams, of Michigan; Hon. Aug. A. Hardenbergh, of New Jersey; Hon. William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania; Hon. James G. Blaine, of Maine; Hon. William Lawrence, of Ohio; Hon. William H. Baker, of New York; Hon. Joseph H. Rainey, of South Carolina.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—SCENES AT THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS—A RIDE IN THE ELEVATOR ON BELMONT HILL, FAIRMOUNT PARK—TAKING A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.—DRAWN BY J. N. HYDE.—SEE PAGE 256.



THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW—"WELCOME THE COMING, SPEED THE PARTING GUEST."—DRAWN BY J. N. HYDE.—SEE PAGE 292.

TO ONE IN SORROW.

CEASE thy complainings; couldst thou know
The purpose of these hidden ways,
How many flowers about thee grow
To cheer thee when thine hope lies low,
Thy heart would sing more thankful lays.

The human heart must break or bow,
Since sorrows to us all belong;
The blossoms that are falling now
In Youth from Life's o'er-clustered bough
Will make the after-fruit more strong.

And great the lesson we have learned
When tearful eyes are fixed above,
And from the world our hearts are turned
By losing that for which they yearned
With passion strong of human love.

Lady Gwendoline's Dream.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE STORY OF A WEDDING RING," "REPENTED AT LEISURE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

CHRISTMAS DAY had surely never dawned more fairly. The sun shone brightly on the white earth; it gleamed in the icicles that hung from the eaves, and glistened in the hoar-frost.

While he lives Sir Lancelot will remember the walk through the woods on that Christmas morning. Some of the guests had preferred driving to church, others had remained at home; but Lady Gwendoline, who had all a poet's love of nature, proposed a walk through the woods. Overhead was the blue Winter sky; the great trees stretched out their bare brown branches; underfoot the earth was crisp, white, and hard; ever and anon, from amongst the bare trees, gleamed out the splendor of an evergreen—a holly tree with crimson berries, or a laurel with shining leaves.

It was a fair beautiful scene on which the sun shone. Most of the young people preferred to walk, and, as they came to the end of the woods, near the pretty town of Dynevald, they heard the chiming of the Christmas bells—a glad, jubilant sound.

Sir Lancelot will never forget the old gray church, with its windows of rich stained glass, its sculptured monuments, and grand old spire. He will never forget the music of the Christmas anthem, or the eloquent words of the preacher—they were all woven into one dream, and that dream filled his life.

He said to himself that as he returned he would ask the question on which the whole future happiness of his life depended. But Lady Gwendoline seemed to have a prevision of what was coming. He could get no place by her side. She talked to every one. She gave most kindly and gracious smiles to all, but to him not one word, not one look.

Despite all rebuffs, his faith never failed him. He felt sure of victory in the end. He did contrive to take her into dinner, but he could not make her talk to him or look at him. Nevertheless he was nothing daunted.

When dinner was over, the whole party dispersed at will. There was music, singing, and reading. Some wandered into the conservatories. There was a small square court, covered with stained glass and lighted with lamps. Great vases of evergreens stood in the midst with a copy of a far-famed Hercules. A marble Psyche stood upon a pedestal, and at her feet lay a basket of crimson exotics. It was one of the prettiest and quietest nooks at Dynevald. Sir Lancelot managed to persuade Lady Gwendoline to walk thither with him. Perhaps she knew that what was coming was inevitable, and saw no reason to defer the evil hour.

They stood looking in silence at the Hercules and the sweet Psyche.

"I admire the old mythological fables," said Sir Lancelot; "they must be full of poetry to endure all these hundreds of years; to each generation they are new and fresh and beautiful."

He looked upon the marble Psyche, with its perfect symmetry, to the living, beautiful woman by his side. What goddess loved of men was ever more fair than she?

"I was wondering," he resumed, "which of the goddesses, as they are painted in song, you resemble most."

"Not Minerva," she observed, with a faint smile. "No—Aphrodite; only the hair she parted from her brows was light, and yours is dead-gold. You are Aphrodite."

It was coming; do what she might, it was not possible to avert it now.

"But Aphrodite was never one half so fair," pursued Sir Lancelot; and in the soft crimson light of the quaint square court she looked beautiful beyond words. She wore a dress of rich white brocade that had a small scarlet flower worked in it; on the dead-gold hair lay a wreath of scarlet berries and green leaves. Her ornaments were a suite of rubies that were like points of living flame.

She clasped her hands and leaned them on the pedestal of the marble Psyche. It was coming, this trial from which she had sought to escape. She must trample on the great passionate love he had laid at her feet. She must break the heart that he had laid in the hollow of her hand. He did not see how white her face had grown, and how her lips were quivering.

"Lady Gwendoline," he continued, after a pause. "I have brought you here to listen to me. You were kind to me once—only once—and that was on the evening that I met you first: you were kind to me, and my hope grew. I said to myself that you were the fairest and the most noble woman I had ever met, and that I would live for a purpose—the purpose of winning you for my wife. You have been cold to me since then, cold as the marble Psyche here, but that has not changed my love; just as I worshiped you then, I worship you now, and I pray you, my darling, whom I love so dearly, to be my wife."

A low cry came from her lips, and she clinched her hands so tightly that the gemmed rings almost pierced her delicate skin.

"Gwendoline, be my wife," entreated Sir Lancelot. "I have grown to love you so dearly that I have no life outside my love. I will live only to make you happy, and you shall be happy as no one ever was before."

He came nearer to her, and, kneeling down, took the little white hands in his own, and kissed them with passionate kisses. In vain she tried to withdraw them.

"You must not, Sir Lancelot," she said, faintly; "you must not do that."

"These little hands—so tender, so white, so sweet—they hold my life—my, sweet—and I can live only once. Gwendoline, I offer you the truest love that ever man had for woman. I offer you all I have in this world to give. I am here at your feet a suppliant—tell me that you will be my wife, dear."

The little hands he held were cold as death; the

beautiful face into which he gazed with such passionate pleading was white as that of the marble Psyche; a voice that was unlike any human voice he had ever heard, said:

"I cannot! Do not ask me—let me go!"

He did not let her go, but he drew her nearer to him. He kissed her trembling hands.

"I shall never let you go, dear. I am not afraid. I expected to hear you say this. You have been so coy and timid with me. Yet I cannot tell how it is, Gwendoline, I feel that you care a little for me, that you are not so cold, so proud, so hard as you would make me think. I believe you care for me just a little. My darling, let me teach you how to love me—will you, Gwendoline?"

"I cannot," she gasped.

"You are as proud as you are fair," he said. "Gwendoline, the whole world shall not hold a happier woman than you, if you will be my wife."

"I cannot," she repeated; and this time her tone was one of such utter conviction, such utter despair, that he felt frightened.

She raised her face, and then he saw how white it was, and how clouded were the blue eyes.

"You cannot, Gwendoline! Surely you do not mean to send me from you—you cannot mean to reject me?"

"Yes," she replied, faintly, "I must."

He stood silent for some minutes, like a man who had received a violent blow, and then his whole face softened, and a mist like tears shone in his eyes.

"Oh, my darling," he said, "think before you reject a love like mine; it is so deep, so tender, so true, no one could ever care more for you, no one could ever love you better. I will cherish you as my own soul; I will stand between you and every shadow of evil or harm; no care from which earthly love can free you shall ever be yours; you shall not know trouble or sorrow; you shall find that human love can do much—mine shall go with you to the end of our life. Oh, my darling, think twice before you send me away."

"It is of no use thinking," she returned, wearily; "I can give no other answer."

"Do not be too proud to love me, sweet; you must love some one. None of us, not even the proudest, can do without love. And, Gwendoline, no one ever can or ever will love you as I do—do you believe that?"

"Yes," she replied, gently; "I believe it."

His face brightened; if she believed that, it was easy to make her believe the rest. The terrible fear that had lain on his heart grew less.

"You may read what the poets sing of love, Gwendoline; you may read the great love-stories that have thrilled the world; but, when you do so, remember what I say—that neither poetry nor song, neither legend nor romance, ever told of love greater than mine."

She had bowed her head as she listened until the dead-gold of her hair touched the Psyche's white feet.

"Give me something in return for it, Gwendoline. I have given you my all—my faith, my hope, my love, my life—I have kept nothing for myself; be generous, and give me something in return."

"I have nothing to give," she replied.

"Nothing! Oh, Gwendoline, you cannot be serious; you cannot mean that you would take all and give nothing; you cannot mean that you will make me the most wretched man on earth—me, whose only fault has been my great love for you! Be just, be merciful, be pitiful to me!"

His voice sank to a pleading whisper, his head drooped until his face was bent over her clasped hands; and so for many minutes they remained, while his throbbing pulse beat faster and faster.

"Gwendoline, all that man can pray I pray," he pleaded; "to pray more would be to act the slave. Be just to me. I ask for your love as I would ask for my life."

"I have none to give," she said, faintly. "Sir Lancelot, you torture me!"

He moved backward; the tenderness died from his face.

"I plead for your love, and you call it torture," he said. "Why is it? Why do you send me from you?"

"When such an offer as yours is refused, there can be but one reason," she said.

"And that," he interpreted, "is want of love. I will tease and torture you no more, Lady Gwendoline."

He raised the velvet hanging that divided the little court from the corridor, and went out, leaving her by the marble Psyche—alone.

CHAPTER VI.

LADY GWENDOLINE waited for a short time, and then, leaning her face on her hands, she wept passionate tears. She wept so long and so bitterly that she did not see or hear Sir Lancelot when he raised the hanging, meaning to return to her. The words he heard caused him to stop suddenly—to stop and listen with an expression of half-bewildered joy on his face.

"It is all over," she said—"all over; and my love will never know how I love him. He will never know that he is all the world to me, and that I would give my life for him. He will think me proud and cruel and cold always; and he will never know the truth."

There came from her such bitter, deep-drawn sobs—such passionate, burning tears.

"My love," she murmured, "is all over now. My dream is ended. I have only to say good-by."

She stooped and kissed the cold marble where his hand had rested.

"I dared not say one kind word to him—not one. If I had, he would have seen that I love him better than life itself."

And then she stopped abruptly with a cry that was all pain, for Sir Lancelot was standing by her side.

"You cannot take back your words, Gwendoline. You have said that you love me; you can never unsay it again. You love me! Oh, my darling, how could you frighten me so?"

He clasped his arms round her, and drew the pale, beautiful face to his breast.

"How could you frighten me, dear? I thought that you had sent me away—I thought that you would never care for me—that all my life was to be a terrible dreary blank. I was coming back to plead, to pray to you once more that you would be kind to me; and, standing there, I heard you, my darling, say words which have made me the happiest man on earth. You love me?"

"Yes," she said, gently. "From a life all sorrow I will steal five minutes of happiness. I love you, Lancelot."

"How? Half-confession will not do now. How, Gwendoline?"

Still with the same resigned, despairing calm, she replied:

"Better than my life—better than all the world beside. Now ask me no more, Lancelot. Let me rest."

His arms tightened their clasp round her. He bent down and kissed the sweet pale lips.

"This once," she murmured, "just this once, my

poor Lance, it does not matter. But, after this, you must never kiss me again."

He laughed a little triumphant laugh, from which she shrank shuddering.

"Never again!" he repeated. "Why—tell me why?"

"Let me rest here just five minutes. I shall never so rest again."

"You shall rest, my darling. I will not speak to you."

He did not; but he held her in his arms, he caressed the golden hair, the pale, beautiful face. He soothed her with words sweet and tender. Then, after some minutes, she drew back from him.

"It is all over," she said—"the brief, happy dream. You must go away and forget me—you must not try even to see me again."

"You cannot frighten me, Gwendoline. You have said you love me—the whole world shall not part us. I have kissed your face, my darling; I swear that I will kiss no other until I die."

"I have said I love you, Lancelot, and it is true; but, do not mistake, dear—I can never be your wife."

His face lost its brightness.

"You love me, but you can never be my wife!" he exclaimed.

"No," she replied; "I do love you, Lancelot. I am afraid that I began to love you on that evening when we first met. You remember?"

"Can I ever forget, Gwendoline?"

"I am afraid that I began to love you then, for I thought more about you than I had ever thought about any one else. If I closed my eyes, your face came so clearly before me; I heard every minute the sound of your voice; and then I said to myself that I was beginning to like you, and—I must be on my guard."

"It was that, then, that has made you so strange, so cold, so proud to me ever since? You have been on your guard?"

Her face turned crimson.

"My guard has broken down at last," she said—"most lamentably broken down; but I may as well tell you all, Lancelot. I saw that you cared for me, and, by being proud and cold, I hoped that you would forget me—that you would leave me, and learn to care for some one else."

"Then you tried to frighten me away, Gwendoline?"

"Yes, for I knew that you must go."

"You may be sure of one thing, my darling, and that is, now you have admitted that you care for me, I shall never leave you; nothing in the whole world could take me away."

A great sigh came from her lips. "You do not know, Lancelot."

"I do not care, my darling," he interrupted. "You have said you love me, and those few words have bound me to you for life. I will not go away. I will not leave you. I will not give you up. I am determined to win you."

"I am not to be won, Lancelot," she said, sadly.

"You are to be won, darling, and I will win you. You said you loved me; those words have bound you to me, and me to you. After that I defy the whole world to take you from me."

"But you do not know, dear," she said. "You do not know."

"I do not, but you will tell me. You will tell me, I suppose, of some fancied difficulty that lies in the way of our marriage. It must be fancied; it cannot be real. Let it be what it may, I swear to you I will vanquish it."

"It is no fancy," she said, sadly.

"Never mind; whatever it be, fancy or not, I will overcome it. You do not know the greatness of a man's love if you think difficulties can vanquish it. Tell me what this difficulty is?"

She clasped her hands pleadingly.

"Not to-night, Lance. I could not. I will tell you on another occasion, perhaps, but I want time now to think—to collect my thoughts. You can trust me. You know that I would not say I cannot be your wife unless I had good reason for it. Trust me, Lance, and spare me the pain of telling you."

"I do trust you, before you tell me anything. Tell me what you will, it can make no earthly difference to me."

She laid her folded hands on his breast.

"Lance, take my word that, although we love each other so well, we must part; that I can never marry you; and that, were I to tell you the reason why, it would, perhaps, make things harder and worse for me to bear. Trust me, Lance."

"I trust you, darling, but you must tell me what this difficulty is. I thought at first that it was only a girlish scruple. Now I begin to fear that it is something more. I might help you if I knew."

"No one can help me," she said, sadly.

"I will help you. Remember, I live only to serve you. I will spend my whole life in helping you. I cannot imagine what your difficulty is, but, let it be what it may, I have a man's strength, and a man's courage. I have greater means at my command than you can have. Gwendoline, you must tell me; by right of the love you have given me, I command you to tell me."

She was silent for a few minutes, and then she said, slowly:

"Lance, when you have heard what I have to say, you will never like me again—I am quite sure of it."

"And I am equally sure, Gwendoline, that, whatever you may say to me, I shall love you just the same. Whatever it may be, tell me now."

"No," she returned, slowly. "Not now. It is Christmas Day; let me forget that parting and tears lie before me—let me only remember that I love you, and that you love me."

"There may be tears," said Sir Lancelot, "but there shall be no parting. With my own strong will I will conquer fate; there shall be no parting, dear. When will you see me—when will you tell me what I have to hear?"

"To-morrow, after luncheon," she answered; "I will walk through the woods with you, as I did this morning. It will, in all probability, be our last walk."

Sir Lancelot smiled—he could not believe this fear of hers to be well grounded—and then he bent down, and said good-night. Once more he left her standing by the marble Psyche—alone.

CHAPTER VII.

THE sun did not shine on the day that followed Christmas Day. The snow lying in the far-off cloud-land was near falling, and a soft gray mist lay between earth and heaven, hid the tall trees, and floated over the grass—a silver mist that gave a dreamy, vague aspect to the landscape. After luncheon was over, and when some of Lord Lynmarche's visitors had set out to drive or ride, Lady Gwendoline started for the woods.

"I have been counting the hours," said Sir Lancelot, meeting her, "and they seemed to have leaden wings—they would not pass."

"They have passed all too quickly for me," she replied.

Looking at her, he was struck by the pallor of the beautiful face, and the pained expression of the

blue eyes. Yet Lady Gwendoline had never looked better. She wore a dress of black velvet and white fur, which suited her aristocratic style of face and figure to perfection. The chill, misty air had heightened her beauty. Her look of restrained sorrow did not please her lover; and it was all in vain that she tried to be cool and dignified.

"Ah, no, Gwendoline," he said, "we are not going back to the terms on which we stood even so late as yesterday morning. You cannot retreat. You said you loved me. I am here as your lover, not as your friend. Let there be no mistake about the terms on which we stand."

She looked at him, frightened at his words.

"You will not say that to me when you have heard what I have to relate."

"Before you begin, Gwendoline," he said, drawing near to her, "do try to believe that nothing can change my love. Let me try to impress upon you, my darling, to have perfect faith and perfect trust in me."

"I have both," she returned, "and with them perfect love. Now listen to me, Lancelot; this is our farewell—we meet to-day to bury our love, to bury it out of sight, out of mind."

"I must hear what you have to tell me before I can say whether we must part," he said. "Now, Gwendoline, begin, dear."

He saw her face grow pale, and her lips, when she opened them, grew white.

"It is very hard," she observed; "many people have indulged in childish follies, and no harm has come of it. I have been so bitterly punished for mine."

"For a childish folly, Gwendoline?" he interrogated.

"Yes; for in many things I was but a child when it happened. I am not quite twenty now. I was just seventeen then."

She stopped abruptly; speech seemed so difficult to her.

"You do not know how I hate to tell you, Lance," she said, slowly. "I think I would rather die, standing here by your side, than tell you my story."

"Tell it, darling; let me be judge. I am older and wiser."

"When I was seventeen," she began, "my father went to Strathmuir in Scotland—he could not get to his own place, Glenarvon, I forget why—but for the shooting he took Strathmuir. I do not know, either, why he took me with him, except that he was so fond of me. Strathmuir is a pretty place, lying in the midst of the Scotch moors. I remember it well, although the memory of everything belonging to it, even the scent of the heather, is hateful to me now. My father took a large party of visitors with him; for Strathmuir is not merely a shooting-box, but a large and beautiful mansion. I enjoyed part of the time there. The gentlemen were out all day shooting, and the ladies—most of them married—read and talked. I was just seventeen; I had left school only about four months."

"I had read so many love-stories, Lancelot, my mind was filled with romance—that vague, sweet, dreamy romance which belongs to seventeen. I had not seen any one then who, by any trick or force of imagination, could be transformed into a lover; but, like every other girl, I longed for the time when love and lovers would be mine. One afternoon my father came home well pleased. He had been to Lord Loryston's, and there he had met with one of the pleasantest of companions. I remember how, during dinner, he expatiated on his good qualities; he was so gay and so charming, there was such a winning grace in all he did and said—music in his laughter, sunshine in his smile. I remember how my father's speech concluded."

"Better than all," he said, "my new friend has a Saxon name—a real old true Saxon name, 'Osric.'"

"Some one then asked for his full name."

"Captain Osric Anderton," replied my father.

"Oh, Lance, there have been times since when I have felt, woman though I am, ready to curse that name!"

The anger that flushed her face and gleamed in her eyes startled him, yet he did not shrink from her—his hands tightened their clasp. He could not have described the pain that seemed to stifle him. Of all the turns that her story could have taken, he expected this least; that it had anything to do with love or lovers he had not anticipated. "But nothing," he said to himself, "shall shake my faith in her."

"On the day following," continued Lady Gwendoline, "Captain Osric Anderton came. My father pressed him to remain for a week or two. He was very handsome, Lance, although I loathe the memory of his beauty now. He had a frank, debonair face, with a laughing glint in his gray eyes, and a head covered with clusters of fair hair. He was full of life and animation. He charmed every one, and he charmed me. I did not discern then what I discerned afterwards—the want of honor, the utter want of principle, which made his beauty worse than a whitened sepulchre. I did not discern then that underneath all the fun and the laughter there was a greed and self-seeking that words are weak to describe—that beneath the fair smiles and fair words was concealed a reckless spirit. I did not know then, what I knew afterwards, that, despite his personal beauty and his charm of manner, Captain Anderton was a wicked man. Yet I can remember times when his words and ideas shocked me, when they jarred upon my sense of what was right; but I would not heed these warnings—I trampled them under foot. Even my father began, I think, to distrust him after a time. He would look grave when Captain Anderton was telling some of his stories. Once I heard him say:

"You fall short, sir. You are not so Saxon as your name."

"From the first hour that he entered Strathmuir Captain Anderton paid me the greatest attention. Lance, you will remember that I was only just seventeen; that I had a girl's natural longing for love and romance; that I had no mother to warn or guide me, no sister to advise me. My father worshipped me, and thought I could do no wrong, and I was vain and foolish."

"I did not love Captain Anderton, Lance—not the least in the world. I never even deluded myself into thinking that I loved him. But my vanity was flattered by his homage. I found it pleasant to hear that I was more beautiful, more beloved, than any other girl. I liked the flattery. I liked to think that one man on earth was ready to die for me. I liked to remember that I was all the world to him. But I did not love him; I swear it to you, Lance. I did not know then what love meant—I never knew until I met you."

"The greatest folly that I committed was that I used to roam over the heather-clad hills with him—that I used to rise early and go out where he could join me. Even then I discovered two or three things that might have put me on my guard. He was almost without money, he was deeply in debt, and he was a reckless gambler. All these details came out in our conversation."

"I did not love him, Lance; my hand never lay in his as it does in yours. I believe that if he had offered to touch my face I should have hated him. But his flattery was pleasant, his well-feigned admi-

ration was pleasant. Meeting him on the hillside was a break in the monotony of my life, and I enjoyed it accordingly—but love never entered my heart.

"Then he talked nonsense to me. I laughed, Lance, out of the lightness and happiness of my own heart. I did not think of the matter seriously at all. I laughed when he went down on his knees amongst the heather, and said, if I did not love him, he should die: it was only a well-acted comedy to me. I never said one serious word to him, and for that he would reproach me at times. I am not seeking to excuse myself. I know that I did wrong in meeting him, in talking to him; but, oh, Lance, I have been bitterly, cruelly punished for my folly!

"During this time Captain Anderton was busily engaged in making inquiries about my fortune. I heard of it afterwards, when it was too late to take the precautions I should have taken. Unhappily for me, he learned that I was a wealthy heiress—that my mother's large fortune was settled on me, and could not be touched, and that I should in all probability succeed to the greater part of my father's wealth. From the time that he learned that he redoubled his attentions on me. More than once he persuaded me to go out on purpose that we might walk and talk together.

"I was only seventeen, and I liked to be amused. The ladies staying in the house were all staid and quiet. There was no one at Strathmuir young like myself. I never talked seriously to Captain Anderton—poetry and sentiment we never thought of—it was all light-hearted nonsense. He did not make love to me in the common acceptance of the words; he did not talk about marriage—if he had, I should have come to my senses all the sooner. He spoke to me generally in a most exaggerated style of adulation—so exaggerated that I never gave it a serious thought. He talked to me a great deal about what he would do if he had money. I particularly remember that he said once:

"I do not think I should care how I got money, if I could but get it."

"To my bitter cost I found the words true. I remember, also, that he cleverly extracted from me all information as to my mother's will. He learned that at eighteen I was to have a handsome allowance, and that at twenty I was to succeed to her entire fortune. I shall be twenty in May.

"If I had but ever so small a sum certain," he said to me once, "I should leave the army. I do not like the army—I do not like the restraint."

"One morning, something—I cannot remember what—was to take place at a town in the neighborhood, and my father with most of his visitors went thither. Captain Anderton remained at home. I was sitting with Lady Vyvian reading, when he contrived to give me a little pencilled note. It said:

"Do come out, Lady Gwendoline. Do not let us waste this lovely morning indoors. Come over the Bradip Hill. I have a scheme for our amusement—make some excuse for coming out."

"I did so. I told Lady Vyvian that I wanted to go. She looked rather uncomfortable. 'I do not like you to go alone, Gwendoline,' she said; 'I will go with you.'

"But I made some excuse—a false one, I know. I wanted to enjoy the sunshine on the hills, and to laugh like a girl with my young admirer. I had no desire for a promenade with the stately Lady Vyvian.

"I went, Lance—but I wish I had died on the threshold of Strathmuir! I met my young admirer, who had honeyed words on his lips, love in his eyes, music in his gay laughter, and we walked away over the hills. Once or twice it seemed to me that my companion's laughter was forced, that an air of unusual gravity was about him, and at times I found him looking at me intently.

"Are you tired?" he asked me at last. I told him that I was.

"Some tenants of the friend with whom I was lately staying live near here," he said; "you shall go and see them, and then you can rest. You shall have buttermilk and oat-cake—a Scotch banquet, Lady Gwendoline." And just as we passed the Bradip Hills we came to an old gray building, a small quaint house standing alone in the midst of an old-fashioned garden. I saw Captain Anderton's handsome face grow pale and anxious.

"Here you can rest and have some refreshment," he said. "You will come in, Lady Gwendoline?"

"I did not stop to think; it seemed to me of little moment whether I went in or not; even if it were not in strict accordance with the laws of etiquette, who was to know what I did on those Scotch moors, so far away?"

"We entered the house, and I saw an old white-haired man. Some woman, evidently his wife, was with him; and they were seated, one at each side of the fireplace. Captain Anderton asked for some buttermilk and oat-cake for me; it was brought by a little maid-servant, and I, being both hungry and tired, ate and drank. Heaven forgive me if I judge him wrongfully; but I do believe that he had contrived to have some kind of drug mixed with the buttermilk, it had such a peculiar taste; and when I had drunk it I had a most strange sensation. I did not lose my senses, but they seemed numbed. I heard distinctly, yet every sound came from afar off. I saw plainly, but my eyes were dazed. All my energies were paralyzed—if murder had been done in my presence, I could not have interfered. Presently I was standing before the white-haired old man, and Captain Anderton was holding my hand in his. I heard him say, in a clear, distinct voice:

"I take you both to witness that this woman is my wedded wife."

"I held up my hand for a moment, but everything seemed to sink away from me; in a few minutes more, when I had recovered, I found that the old man was reading a prayer, and that we were kneeling before him."

"It cannot be true!" cried Sir Lancelot.

"It is perfectly true. I heard Captain Anderton say."

"Adam and Elsie Graham, if the time should ever come when I may require you to give evidence of this marriage, you must not withhold the truth."

"Then some one opened the door, and a stream of fresh air came in which seemed to dispel the terrible vapor. Captain Anderton took my hand and led me away. When we were outside the house my senses seemed to clear. I turned angrily to him.

"What do you mean by this folly, this madness, this insult, Captain Anderton?" I demanded.

"It means my dear, that by the laws of Scotland, the most convenient in the world, you, Lady Gwendoline, are my lawful wife."

(To be continued.)

WHEN ONE IS WELL OFF.

YOU are well off when you are in a healthy neighborhood, with enough to eat and drink, a comfortable, well-ventilated apartment to sleep in, and you are paying all your expenses and lay-

ing up something—even slowly—for a rainy day, and, in addition to all this, acquiring knowledge and strengthening your character. Young men whose situation combines all the preceding advantages should be very cautious about exchanging such a certainty unless it be for another certainty. Happiness does not depend upon great wealth so much as it does upon independence, and intellectual and moral culture.

LOVE AND LABOR.

LOVE lives to labor; it lives to give itself away. There is no such thing as indolent love. Look within your heart and see if this is not true. If you love any one truly and deeply, the cry of your heart is to spend and be spent in the loved one's service. Love would die if it could not benefit. Its keenest suffering is met when it finds itself unable to assist. What man could see the woman he loves lack anything, and be unable to give it to her, and not suffer? Why, love makes one a slave! It toils night and day, refusing all wages and all reward save the smile of the one unto whom it is bound, in whose service it finds its delight, at whose feet it alone discovers its heaven. There is no danger that language can be too strong or too fervently used to portray the services of love. Its cradle and couch, by sick-bed and coffin, in hut and palace, the ministries of love are being wrought. The eyes of all behold them; the hearts of all are moved at the spectacle.

A NICE DRINK.

THE Russian punch must be a nice drink. It is made of a mixture of vodka, champagne, nalwka (which is defined as a kind of gooseberry-wine, resembling the French *cassis*, which is much affected by the Russians), and any other kind of wine that may be at hand. Apricots, melons and cucumbers are put in to flavor, and sugar to sweeten it; it is then ignited, and allowed to burn till it boils. Sensible people who would see such a drink as this, and become acquainted with its preparation, would know what to do with it without any hesitation. But there are some remarkable individuals who think it proves nothing to have other people experiment with such a compound; they must try for themselves. Some one who has tried it says of it: "Though palatable and insinuating, it is the most pernicious compound I have ever tasted. Every drop of it is laden with headache for a week, and dyspepsia for a fortnight."

A NEW USE FOR SEaweEDS.

ANOTHER attempt on the part of ladies to be self-helpers demands a brief record. A Miss James has conceived the idea of converting seaweeds into the semblance of graceful flowers by certain aids from colors, and by an ingenious molding of natural forms. Seaweeds, dried, have long been favorites in albums, and few who spend an Autumn month at marine localities neglect opportunities to gather and preserve them; but to wear them in hats or caps, or as hair ornaments, is, we believe, a novelty—at least, until now, we have never seen an effort of the kind. It is not easy to describe the effect Miss James produces. At a distance the seaweeds seem artificial flowers made from muslin or wax; examined nearer they are very striking. Sometimes there is added to them the sparkle of small shells. If some lady leader of fashion would wear a group or two she might introduce a new and very graceful mode of employing ladies, doing a large good and no harm, and aiding to abolish an atrocious custom—that of destroying beautiful birds in order to obtain means of decoration. A lady who adopts and supports that evil practice should find it difficult to be selected as a wife.

MASONIC SECRETS.

FOR some time past critical orators and writers have been indulging in their most violent invectives against the Freemasons. They have not been deterred by the knowledge that Louis XVIII. and Charles X. belonged to the brotherhood, together with many dukes, marquises, counts and barons, and also the eloquent Berryer. Nothing will suit the clerical party but that Freemasonry is instituted in order to overthrow thrones and religion. A pamphlet, called "The Freemasons—what are they?" issued by the library of Toulouse, is now being circulated by thousands through France. The author declares that the Freemasons are possessed of a secret which is a secret of the devil, and that they perform a devil's mass "on an altar lighted by six candles. Every one, after having spit on the crucifix, tramples it under foot." The diabolical ceremony terminates by every one ascending the altar and striking the holy sacrament with a poniard. The pamphlet declares that there are female Freemasons, whose morality it calls in question. A great deal is said about the secret, which is strongly condemned. Benedict XIV., in the bull "Providus," asserted that there was an impenetrable secret, which was also immoral, and the author of the pamphlet imitates the Pontiff in question in condemning what he knows nothing about.

AMERICAN COMMERCE IN FRANCE.

GENERAL TORBERT, United States Consul-General in Paris, has published a table of the exports from France to the United States during the year ending September 30th, 1875. The total gold value of the merchandise was \$61,767,484, or an increase of some \$2,741,744 on the preceding year. The articles which rank first in importance are the following: Silk and velvet pieces goods, \$9,945,321; merinos, cachemires, etc., \$9,321,354; woolen cloths, about \$5,449,000; wines and spirits, \$4,751,284; dressed skins and leather, \$3,784,154; trimmings and buttons, \$2,290,451; artificial flowers and feathers, \$1,775,410; ribbons, \$1,459,587; glass and porcelain. Nearly five-sixths of this total trade belong to Paris and Lyons, the share of the former city being thirty-seven and one-half millions of dollars, and of the latter thirteen millions. Bordeaux comes next, a position due chiefly to the exports of wines and spirits, but also in some measure to preserved fruits and meats, for if potable liquors are calculated alone, Rheims with its champagne takes precedence, and the brandies of La Rochelle press close on the claret of Bordeaux. The principal trade from Marseilles is in dye-stuffs and wool. Have occupies only the sixth place; drugs and medicines appear to be the specialty of the town, in which it goes even before Paris, and possesses almost two-thirds of the entire trade. The exports from Havre and all the places which rank below it in importance show, however, a diminution compared with 1874. Nice sent in the year, among other articles, oranges and lemons for a sum of \$68,256, and perfumery and articles of the toilet for \$57,642.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

M. G. DE MORTILLLET, the well-known archaeologist of the Museum of St. Germain, has been elected President of the Anthropological Society of Paris.

COUNT HALLEZ D'ARROS has proposed that an Exhibition of Electrical Science and its applications be held in Paris in 1877. An organizing committee has been formed, and provisional offices established.

MR. NORMAN LOCKYER, whose name is well-known in the world of science, has exchanged the position of a War Office clerk for that of director of a new astronomical observatory in course of erection at South Kensington.

THE THREE VACANT SEATS in the Senate of the University of London have been filled by the appointment of Dr. Hooker, Pres. R. S., and the Dean of Lincoln (Dr. Blakesley), directly by the Crown, and Mr. J. G. Fitch on the nomination of Convocation.

"BLANKETS" OF BROWN PAPER of a superior quality, perforated in such a manner as to permit a free passage to the exhalations of the body without diminishing the warmth, are advertised in London at prices ranging from fourpence to sixpence each.

TELEGRAMS FROM PROFESSOR PALMIERI state that the interior of the crater created by the last eruption of Vesuvius has given way. A dark smoke issues from the volcano, and he thinks an eruption is consequently to be expected, but perhaps not immediate.

M. BONNAT, a French explorer of the Gold Coast, who had been taken prisoner by the Djuabin, has managed to escape, and is continuing his work along the banks of the Volta, under the protection of Achantees, amongst whom he is said to have become a favorite.

PROFESSOR GEGENBAUR, of Heidelberg, is engaged in the preparation of a treatise on Human Anatomy, in which he will adopt a new method of treatment and nomenclature, namely, one based on vertebrate morphology, in place of the antiquated topographical system and medieval nomenclature so long prevalent in this department of study.

ELECTRIC SCIENCE occupies a place of no mean importance in the new Opera House in Paris. A special room is set apart as a battery-room, in which 360 Bunsen's cells, arranged in sets of sixty on tables of rough plate-glass, are manipulated to pass a current to any part of the stage, so as to direct the electric light upon any point of the scenery.

THE BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGISTS IN ROME have obtained a lease of the Mamertine Prison, and are going on with the excavations and explorations there. They hope to explore further the very curious subterranean passage of Etruscan character which is connected with this great prison of the kings, and which has at present been very imperfectly explored, as that is very expensive work.

THE PRACTICE of giving weight to cotton fabrics by means of China clay is tolerably well known. Mr. J. Pearson, of Dr. Queneville's *Moniteur Scientifique*, has a paper "On certain Properties of Weighted Silks," in which he states that an increase of weight is produced in silks by treatment with salts of iron and astringents, and with salts of tin and cyanides; this fictitious increase of weight being carried to the extent of from 100 to 300 per cent. It cannot be too widely known that by this adulteration silk is rendered very inflammable, burning like tinder if touched with flame, and that under certain circumstances it becomes spontaneously inflammable.

THE "THUNDERER," British double turret monitor, has not come out perfectly unscathed from the protracted and severe trials to which her 38-ton guns and the working gear have been subjected. In consequence of the severe concussion of the guns when depressed, some of the Tiron beams which support the superstructure have been loosened from the bolts which secure them to the sides of the ship, while cracks have shown themselves in the welding at the ends. The fissures in no way affect the turrets, which are independent of the superstructure. The injury is wholly due to the explosion of the enormous powder-charge sweeping over the deck.

A MARINE ENGINEER AT POLA, in Austria, has constructed a gun on a new principle of his invention, by which the resistance of the atmosphere, instead of impeding the shot, is applied to increase the rapidity of its course. The new gun has been tested in one of the largest gun factories on the Continent, and is said to have produced astonishing results. Though the gun is not larger than the new Austrian field-gun, the initial velocity of the shot was upwards of 2,000 feet, and was found to have increased after the shot had left the barrel. The accuracy of its fire was also remarkable, and is stated to have surpassed that of most rifled guns. The projectile is made of a combination of steel and lead.

IN A REPORT made by Surgeon E. P. Vollum to the Surgeon-General, on "Some Diseases of Utah," it is stated that the adult population of that Territory is as robust as any within the limits of the United States. The children furnish two-thirds of all the deaths, most of which occur under five years of age. In Salt Lake City, as appears from the register kept by the undertakers, the male deaths exceed the female in number about fifty per cent. The polygamous children are as healthy as the monogamous, and the proportion of deaths about the same, the difference being rather in favor of the former, who are generally, in the city especially, situated more comfortably as to residence, food, air and clothing, their parents being in easier circumstances than those in monogamy. So far as he can learn, polygamy in Utah furnishes no idiosyncrasy, rickets, tuberculosis, struma, or debasing constitutional condition of any kind.

A STRANGE story is told by a Wichita exchange. Andreas Eisinger, a native of Switzerland, and lately of the Sixth United States Cavalry, is now in Wichita, under orders to report to department headquarters at Leavenworth. Mr. Eisinger is a young man of about twenty-two years of age, born in Canton Thurgau, and was educated in the Grison, or Canton Graubunden, which lies in the Tyrolean Alps, on the Austrian frontier. The inhabitants of this Canton speak a dialect termed Pomeilus by the Germans, and Rome-pa-va by the natives. It is said to be the ancient Roman; it may be a corruption of that language. However, whatever it is, Eisinger speaks it readily. In the Spring of 1873 he came to the United States, enlisted in the service, and was sent to Fort Dodge. In October, 1874, he was with General Miles's command which captured a portion of the Cheyenne band of Indians, then on the war-path. One of the parties captured consisted of three warriors and a squaw, who, supposing that none of their captors understood their language, conversed freely with one another, laying plans to escape. Eisinger was astonished to hear the aborigines speaking a language familiar to his ears, the Rome-pa-va, or old Roman dialect. He reported this discovery to his commanding officer, who investigated the matter and found it to be as stated by the Swiss boy. He was discharged from the army and appointed interpreter, which position he now holds. The identity of the tongue is not perfect, but analogous to the broken talk of the German-speaking English. It is the same with the Comanche and Arapahoe dialects. If this is not merely a tale for marines—and we have no reason to doubt the honesty or veracity of the young man—the matter is of sufficient moment to engage the attention of some linguistic savant. An identity of the language would indicate an identity of origin.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

HENRY STILKE, the first white person born in Cincinnati, died at East Bay, Mich., December 22d.

MRS. THEOBOLD, of Greenville, Miss., has given \$20,000 worth of real estate to Centenary College, of Jackson, La.

THE Queen has conferred upon Dr. W. B. Carpenter, F.R.S., the honor of the Companionship of the Civil Division of the Order of the Bath.

GENERAL SUTTER, on whose land gold was first discovered in California, is now more than eighty years old, and lives in a little cottage at Pitts, Pa.

THE Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin has elected Dr. Frankland and Professor A. W. Williamson, of London, corresponding members of the section of Physics and Mathematics.

THE Rev. Dr. S. S. LAW, of New York city, has been elected President of the University of the State of Missouri, to succeed President Read, whose resignation will take effect July 4th, 1876.

WITH Knott Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, Durham of the Revision of Laws, Milliken of Public Expenditures, and Jones of Railways and Canals, Kentucky should have nothing to complain of in the way of chairmanships.

At the Peasants' Carnival, to be held in Washington early in January, the daughter of Samuel Gouverneur, formerly United States Consul to Hong Kong, and grandson of President Monroe, will wear one of Mrs. Monroe's dresses and many of her jewels.

SCOTT-SIDDONS parts her hair on one side, and the morning after her appearance at Lewiston all the girls in one of the schools appeared with hair à la Siddons. But all the boys came out in the afternoon with their hair parted in the middle, and the Siddons style at once declined.

Mlle. AIMÉE is as sparkling in adornment as in style in Paris. She wears a close-fitting collar of diamonds set in emeralds. Her fan is fastened to her side by a diamond clasp; there are diamond pins in her hair, and from her dainty ears hang rings of diamonds and pearl-shaped emeralds.

SINCE the invasion of Mexico by French troops under Maximilian, France and Mexico have had no diplomatic representatives at their capitals. Mr. Foster, the United States Minister to Mexico, represents France at the Mexican capital, but efforts are now being made for the restoration of direct diplomatic relations between the two countries.

THE Viceroy of Egypt is now negotiating with the English Government for the creation of a military port on the Red Sea, between Mount El-Taka and the chain of the Sinai, and which would be connected with Cairo by a railway crossing the desert of Suez diagonally. That rumor confirms the report relative to certain measures for the increase of the Egyptian Navy.

JOHN SUNDAY, Chief of the Canadian Highway, and for forty years missionary of the Methodist Church, has just died, aged eighty-five. He fought at Chrysler's Farm and other battles of the war of 1812, receiving three medals for gallantry, and after entering the ministry visited England as a member of a missionary delegation, where he was presented to the Queen, and received several valuable gifts. He was a preacher of remarkable force and originality.

MR. C. A. PERKINS, the husband of the Princess Isabelle of Bourbon, condemned a year ago by the French Courts to a year's imprisonment, and to two years' "holding of the body," for debts which the Courts decided were contracted under false pretences, has just finished his year at St. Pelagie, and been transferred to the Conciergerie, there to submit to his two years' imprisonment for the debt, if the creditor, who has to pay his board, does not sooner release him.

PROFESSOR WALKER has ascertained from the census that about two-thirds of the million of domestic servants in the United States are of native birth. Leaving out the colored servants, who form about one-third of the million, more than half of the white servants over sixteen years of age are native born. The fact is that the immigration of those who are fitted for domestic service has greatly diminished of late years. In a few years more, foreign-born servants will probably be very rare.

GENERAL FREMONT will reside in New York hereafter. Twenty years ago, says a correspondent, everybody was singing and shouting about him. He was the pathfinder. He parted his hair in the middle, and had a glorious mustache. There was a volume of romance in his marriage to Jessie Benton. He very nearly became a President. Afterwards he was conspicuous for a while as a general in real war time; but he was not equal to the occasion. He soon faded from public view, and to-day he is a little weazen-faced, dried-up old man, forgotten by the American people, hardly regarded as a curiosity, and resurrected from his premature grave occasionally only through the name, and the occasional letters in print, of his accomplished wife.

THE Hon. Mrs. Norton, whose approaching marriage to Sir W. Stirling Maxwell is announced in London, is rather advanced in years for a bride, being now sixty-seven years old. Her grandfather was the celebrated dramatist, orator and statesman, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Her first marriage to Hon. George Chaplin Norton took place nearly half a century ago, in 1827. She was a precocious rhymester, and a volume of her juvenile poems was published in 1820, when George IV. had just begun to reign, and James Monroe was President of the United States. Her most widely known poem, "Bingen on the Rhine," was the schoolboy declamation of men now past middle age. Miss Sedgwick, in her "Letters from Abroad" (published in 1841), described Mrs. Norton as "the perfection of intellectual and physical beauty, uniting masculine force with feminine delicacy."

A MARRIAGE in the very highest tier of social life has been one of the quiet sensations lately transpiring in Tahiti. On the 27th of October Dorrance Atwater, United States Consul for the Society Islands, was united in the holy bonds of wedlock to the Princess Moetia, daughter of a chieftess of royal blood. The marriage was conducted by the civil authorities, Dr. Bonnet, Mayor of Papeete, officiating. No cards and no cake. The Princess Moetia is a very accomplished young lady, speaking English and French as fluently as she does her native language. She is besides wealthy in her own right, being owner of the historical palm groves of Faatua and other lands. She is also the lessee of Scilly Island, valuable for its pearl fisheries. Her mother owns half the island of Moorea (the paradise of Eimeo, as old navigators call it) and extensive possessions on the island of Tahiti. Moetia has three brothers, splendid specimens of South Sea chiefs. The youngest, Nari, is about nineteen years old, six feet two inches in height and weighs 200 pounds, and as straight as an arrow. They were educated in Europe, but like all South Sea chiefs, they believe in native customs and habits. Their mother has equal claims to rule with Queen Pomare, but has never asserted her rights. The father of the family was an English Jew named Salmon, a lawyer by profession, and a very able man. Soon after he arrived in Tahiti he married the wealthy chieftess mentioned. As to Mrs. Atwater, her many friends will wish her much joy. She has been fortunate in securing a young, gallant and intelligent husband and he has been equally fortunate in capturing the handsomest and wealthiest girl in the South Sea Islands.



INSTITUTION FOR THE IMPROVED INSTRUCTION OF DEAF MUTES, NO. 1471 BROADWAY.

HOW THE DEAF AND DUMB ARE TAUGHT TO SPEAK.

THERE is in New York city an institution where deaf mute children, whether their unfortunate condition be congenital or the result of disease, can be taught to articulate and to understand spoken language. There is one other school for this purpose in the United States; but the premier school, and the one to which we directly refer, is known as the "Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes," and is situated at No. 1471 Broadway, between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Streets.

This establishment has been in existence some ten years, but the good work that it has accomplished, and the singular method



HOW TO ARTICULATE THE VOWEL "A."

it has employed in the doing of it, have not until now been fully brought before the public. In this article we shall endeavor by illustration to show the rudiments of mechanical speech, on which basis the instructing of deaf and dumb children in the art of spoken language rests. In this new and remarkable system all old-fashioned signs and letters formed by fingers are discarded. The pupil is taught to produce sounds with his vocal organs, and to understand language by reading it from the lips of the speaker.

HOW LETTER-SOUNDS ARE FORMED.

Every sound made by the human voice necessitates a certain action and position of the vocal organs. The lips, especially, play an important part in making the positions visible.

If the reader will press his upper teeth over his lower lip and expel the air from his lungs, he will unconsciously produce the force of the letter "f." Thus the teacher in explaining to the child the method of articulating "f," causes it to place its teeth and lips as above, and the task is accomplished. (See illustration.)

"O" is a very simple sound, caused by forming a circle with the lips. The child, imitating the teacher, expresses this vowel without the slightest difficulty. (See illustration.)

To indicate the force of the letter "p," the lips are placed to imitate the puffing of a pipe, and the teacher makes a corresponding motion. The points of the lips come together, and are then separated with a peculiar force that produces the force of "p." If a little bit of paper be placed upon the back of the hand and held up to the mouth, the air formed by the contraction and expansion of the lips in pronouncing "p" will be sufficient to blow it away. (See illustration.) The child watching this exhibition, and treating the act more as amusement than a task, imitates the puffing, blows away the paper, and without strain or study acquires the correct force of the letter "p."

When the motion of "p" is made with an additional vocalization and vibration, the result is "b." This vibration is felt in the throat. The above are only a few illustrations of the principle on which this system is founded. More complicated sounds require fuller and more varied explanation. The first element necessary in the pupil's composition is "imitation." He must learn to imitate every expression produced by the teacher's vocal parts. The conscientious tutor of articulation requires wonderful patience and perseverance. He must resort to

all sorts of devices to quicken the comprehension of his pupil. Very frequently the mere showing of the position of the lips will not suffice to make the child produce the sound. For instance, to articulate the vowel "a" in father, the mouth must be opened wide, and the tongue kept down. Very often the teacher is compelled to hold down the child's tongue before it can be taught to sound this correctly. A book-finder is made to do service in such cases. (See illustration.)

If the tongue be permitted to curl up with the point touching the upper teeth on the inside, the letter "l" would result instead of "a." Thus every sound is taught by visible expressions; but it is not in our province to explain the method of each one. We have given sufficient to indicate the system by which the deaf mute is taught to articulate.

Children who are mute are so only in consequence of their deafness. They have the same number of vocal organs that normal children have, and their organs, save in rare instances, are in as sound a condition as those of the great majority of hearing persons; hence there is no natural obstacle to their powers of vocalization, which involve merely the producing of breath, and modifying it into the various elements of language. Each of the elements has its own particular mechanism. Our illustrations have instanced the science of mechanical speech, so we need dwell no further on the system itself. The greatest drawback in the successful use of mechanically acquired language is the fact that deaf children, not hearing the words they are taught to speak, cannot modulate their voices, and the result of this mechanical articulation is a series of sing-song monotonies. The teacher must, therefore, resort to further devices for regulating his pupil's voice. Too high a pitch is the result of too much tension of the vocal ligaments. By pressing with the finger against the speaker's larynx, this tension is diminished, the vocal chords become slackened, and the voice sounds deeper. (See illustration.) Thus the deaf child is taught to see and feel the sounds of speech in all its variations.

This system of articulation and lip-reading was imported from Germany, where for many years it has been taught in preference to the old mode of signs and finger alphabets. The history of its origin, progress and development is a very interesting one; but to give it here would needs make us transcend the limits of a descriptive summary. Neither is it our object to enlarge upon the scientific principles involved in this system, although they are many, and of interest to the theoretical student.

The Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, where, for practical illustration, our readers are all welcome to apply, was established in 1867. At first the undertaking of a few wealthy philanthropists, its usefulness was soon extended to such dimensions that it was found necessary to apply for State support, in order to provide for the poor who sought instruction within its doors. The school was chartered in 1869. There are at present over one hundred pupils enjoying the blessings of instruction in spoken language.

Some of our children, born in possession of all their senses, and for a time gifted with the power of speech, on becoming deaf often lose that power through being cut off from conversational intercourse. To these this system is a great boon, as by the art of lip-reading they retain their knowledge of language and acquire new learning.

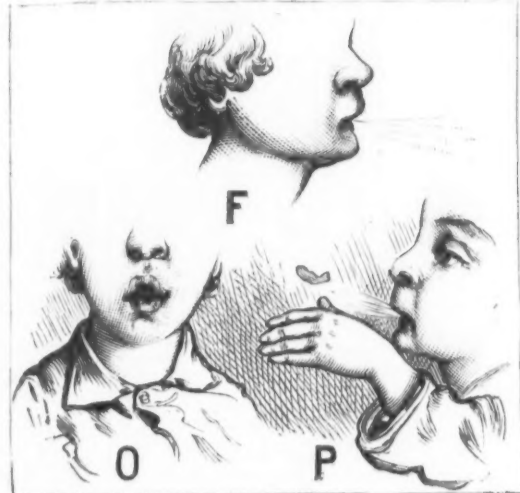
The number of children losing their hearing at an advanced age has of late become unusually large. Within the last few years the dreadful disease of cerebro-spinal meningitis has deprived many of their hearing powers, and the newest applications at the institution have been from pupils thus afflicted. All the common-school branches of education are thoroughly taught at this school. Deaf children are as quick-witted in all things—outside of their misfortune—as hearing ones. The progress they have made in the various arts and sciences is ample testimony thereof. The principal of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes is Mr. David Greenberger, a gentleman of rare patience, culture and practical knowledge. Though but thirty-three years of age, he has had valuable experience in teaching the deaf and dumb, having devoted the best part of his life in that profession. He taught the system of articulation at Vienna; came to America, and gave private lessons until he was appointed principal of the present school.

He has great faith in the usefulness and practicability of the German system, and his devotion to the cause is very commendable. He is always ready to receive visitors who are interested in deaf-mute instruction, and parents with afflicted children, or teachers of the deaf and dumb who are unacquainted with his new and wonderful mode, would do well to visit the establishment, No 1471 Broadway.

The institution is free to all deaf mutes whose parents or guardians are residents of the State. Pupils from other States are charged for board and tuition.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

"THE King is dead; long live the King." At the last stroke of twelve at midnight on December 31st the year 1875 passed away, and ere the reverberation of the sound had ceased the merry chimes rang out a welcome to the New Year. We gaze at the happy face just peeping out from the curtain of Time with feelings of joy and hope. We have longingly looked forward to the coming of 1876, and we expect from it great things. It comes



HOW TO ARTICULATE THE LETTERS "F," "O" AND "P."

to us baptized with a name that has a peculiar charm to American ears, wakening the echoes of '76 of one hundred years ago, and marking the Centennial of our national existence.

Poor old 1875 passes away "unwept, unhonored and unsung," save as a saddened story of shipwrecks and disasters. Its pathway has been marked by closed workshops and deserted mines; by



HOW TO DEEPEN THE SOUND OF THE VOICE.

corruption in high places and misery among the lowly. Fire and flood have marked its course. With it has come mourning for the loss of some of the bravest and best of our sons. Grasshoppers, canal contractors and other vermin have held high revel, and the Old Year now staggers off leaving a foul aroma of "crooked whisky" behind it.

May no such reproaches follow the latest-born child of Time, when it too becomes a thing of the past. May that "good time" that has always been "coming" have arrived at last. May peace and prosperity, honesty and happiness, mark all the days of 1876. May it leave memories as glorious as those that cluster around 1776. We hope so, and we pray so, and let us all join in wishing everybody a "Happy New Year."

THE BIRDS OF LONDON.

WHERE is the Londoner who has not wondered at the demeanor of the pigeons, which, in a state of perfect freedom, choose to live and die, like genuine Londoners as they are, within the sound of Bow Bells—pigeons whose ancestors took up the "freedom of the city" generations ago? There are colonies of them at Guildhall, the Royal Exchange, and the South-eastern Railway Station, London Bridge.

"Of what race or descent," says Mr. Hibbard, "of what origin or history, are the Guildhall pigeons, I know not; but if any naturalist inquires after city birds, they claim first mention, and might well have a place in the civic emblazonment of arms. It is very rarely one has the audacity to trap or harm a city pigeon. They are as sacred as storks in Holland, and the birds of good omen that build in the temples and residences of classic Greece."

The colonies at the Royal Exchange and the South-eastern Railway at London Bridge are equally respected and cherished, and so are the pigeons at the British Museum, where the capitals and cornices and nooks behind the statues afford lodgment for nests.



GIVING A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK CITY.—HOW THE DEAF AND DUMB ARE TAUGHT TO SPEAK AT THE INSTITUTION FOR THE IMPROVED INSTRUCTION OF DEAF MUTES, No. 1471 BROADWAY.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—SCENES AT THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS, FAIRMOUNT PARK.—THE WORKMEN'S DINNER HOUR.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 286.

No wonder that the society of horses is much affected by these bold and familiar birds, who live for the most part on "nosebag" provender.

The rookeries of London are not so plentiful as they were when Goldsmith gave his interesting account of the colony in the Temple Gardens, but they still linger. The ancient rookery in Gray's Inn Gardens is still tenanted, although it is not so populous as in Sir Roger de Coverley's time. A couple of plane-trees opposite the church in the Marylebone Road are also occupied afresh every Spring.

Almost every visitor to London notices the remains of the solitary nest in the tree at the corner of Wood Street, Cheapside. Cynical country visitors have looked upon this nest as a snare prepared for them by the artful Londoner to give a rural look to the busiest part of the metropolis, and the honest citizen in whose ground the tree stands has been accused of importing the nest for this purpose from a provincial rookery.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

See Deuteronomy, xii. : 23. The blood being the source from which the system is built up, and from which we derive our mental as well as physical capabilities, how important that it should be kept pure! If it contain vile, festering poisons, all organic functions become enfeebled. Settling upon important organs, as the lungs, liver and kidneys, the effect is most disastrous. Hence it behooves all to keep their blood in a perfectly healthy condition, and more especially does this apply at this particular season of the year than at any other. No matter what the exciting cause may be, the real cause of a large proportion of all diseases is bad blood. Now, Dr. Pierce does not wish to place his Golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quack patent nostrums, by recommending it to cure every disease, nor does he so recommend it; on the contrary, there are hundreds of diseases that he acknowledges it will not cure; but what he does claim is this, that there is but one form of blood disease that it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet he knows it to be the most searching blood-cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other blood-poisons, be they animal, vegetable or mineral. The Golden Medical Discovery is warranted by him to cure the worst forms of Skin Diseases, as all forms of Blotches, Pimples and Eruptions; also all Glandular Swellings, and the worst form of Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores of the Neck, Legs or other parts, and all Scrofulous Diseases of the Bones, as White Swellings, Fever Sores, Hip-joint and Spinal Diseases—all of which belong to Scrofulous Diseases.

CONFIRMED.—HIP-JOINT DISEASE CURED.

W. GROVE STATION, IOWA.

DR. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir: My wife first became lame nine years ago. Swellings would appear and disappear on her hip, and she was gradually becoming reduced, and her whole system rotten with disease. In 1871 a swelling broke on her hip, discharging large quantities, and since that time there are several openings. Have had five doctors, at an expense of \$125, who say nothing will do any good but a surgical operation.

July 16th, 1873, he writes thus: My wife has certainly received a great benefit from the use of your Discovery, for she was not able to get off the bed and was not expected to live a week when she commenced using it, a year ago. She has been doing most of her work for over six months. Has used twenty bottles, and is still using it. Her recovery is considered as almost a miracle, and we attribute it all to the use of your valuable medicine. I can cheerfully recommend it as a blood-purifier and strength-restorer.

J. M. ROBINSON.

Golden Medical Discovery is sold by Druggists.

FUN.

"I thought you told me, doctor, that Smith's fever had gone off." "Oh, yes; but it and Smith went off together!"

CRITICAL question of an old lady who was shown a picture of Jacob kissing Rachael: "What be they wrestling about?"

A COVINGTON boy being asked by his teacher the other day what occasioned the saltiness of the sea, after reflection, advanced with some confidence the opinion that it "must be owing to the codfish."

An inebriated American took possession of a Chinese washhouse in Sacramento the other day, and tried to run it. The boss Chinaman hurried to the station-house and reported: "One Melican man, too much blandy, catches my house."

It was after dinner, and it was dull; the conversation did not seem to start in the least. Then the cynic said: "Will nobody go home that one may have a fine opportunity to tear him all to pieces as soon as he leaves."

A BUMPKIN once dining with the Governor of Rhode Island, where part of the entertainment consisted of champagne and preserved limes, was asked by his host at the conclusion how he liked his dinner. "Well, Gubner, your cider is very good, but darn your pickles!"

A MAN in Michigan cut a large piece out of his leg the other day, under the impression that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake, and then discovered that he had merely been stung by a bee. A meager feeling man on making the discovery was probably never raised in that State.

BEAUTY.

How to Preserve and How to Obtain It—The Danger of Using Cosmetics—Dr. Gouraud's Preparations—Their Virtue and Popularity.

THE beautiful was a favorite subject of contemplation among the Ancients. The name of Plato is inseparably associated with it, but in his philosophizing, he nowhere separated the beautiful from the good. Aristotle deduced the most admirable laws and rules (Canons of Criticism), so that his "Poetics," according to Schiller, constitute a true Rhadamantian tribunal for poets. Baumgarten, they hold to be the first who considered the subject from the true point of view—by whom beauty was considered the result of the highest and purest aesthetic perception, to the realization of which the finer portion of our nature aspires. Whatever may have been said or written on beauty in art or aesthetics from the birth of our mother Eve down to the present time, there can be no dispute about the efficiency of Dr. Gouraud's preparations in promoting the beauty of the human complexion. Physiologists say that beauty of complexion, and, to a certain extent, that of shape also, is simply visible health—a pure mirror of the perfect performance of the internal functions, and of their harmony with the external portions of the system; the certain effect of pure air, cheerfulness, temperance, and of exercise, uninterrupted by any species of unnatural constraint. In brief, perfect health is perfect beauty. Undoubtedly, if every law of health was properly observed, and all accidents to the human family thwarted, all of the children of man would be beautiful specimens of humanity, and almost exact counterparts of our perfect parents, who were "formed in the image of God." But in

the present state of fallen man (and woman), it is not at all uncommon to look upon very unsightly complexions—in fact there are but few who possess those qualities of complexion which are essential to beauty. Facial discolorations, as cutaneous eruptions, freckles, moth patches, etc., seem to be the rule, and a clear, florid skin the exception. To be sure, a fair woman, without virtue, is like pallid wine—and "a virtuous woman, though ugly, is the ornament of the house," yet how much more of an ornament she might sometimes make herself by the use of Dr. Gouraud's Oriental Cream. We would not recommend cosmetics in general, knowing, as we do, that many of those in use contain sublimates of bismuth, and other deleterious substances, and are more or less poisonous and dangerous to use—their minute particles, tending to clog the pores of the skin, and prevent the free passage of gases and vapors, which is so essential to the preservation of any animal organ in a thorough state of health. Aloof from all these nostrums and humbug preparations called "toilet articles," with which the country is fairly flooded, stand the valuable preparations of Dr. T. Felix Gouraud, 48 Bond Street, New York, principal among which is his Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier. This stands at the head of the list of all toilet preparations, and has secured the highest medical testimony for its harmlessness and efficacy in improving the complexion. It is by no means a new and untried preparation, but has been before the public for twenty-five years, and has steadily gained its way into public favor, until to-day its vouches are the living representatives of Fashion and Beauty who testify in every circle of select society to its admirable qualities—in heightening the charms of nature by adding a surpassing brilliancy, clearness and transparency to their complexion. There is hardly a country in the world where the Beautifier is not in demand—and there are hundreds of thousands ready to proclaim its virtues and gratefully acknowledge that it has restored them to a social service to which they had been shut out. It has illuminated and enhanced the charm of many a happy occasion in high life, at the watering place, at the ball, at the Capital and at home. A word here in regard to the doctor, who is a man rather past the meridian of life, though he looks and appears much younger—is as buoyant and light-hearted as a boy—yet as grave at times as a sage. He is a thorough gentleman in every respect—is scrupulously conscientious—has a keen abhorrence of wrong doing, and the strongest regard for veracity and promptness. He loves his business, and is blessed in the realization of the fact that he has benefited the world by giving man and woman something for which future ages will rise up and express their heartfelt gratitude. A great portion of the doctor's life has been passed in originating and perfecting his preparations; and that he may live and retain his health and faculties for many years longer, and derive from the world as much pleasure as he has given it, is the earnest wish of thousands of his grateful patrons.

China, Fine Cut Glass, and Fancy Ware. Special attention is invited to the advertisement of Messrs. Geo. H. Garber & Co., of No. 100 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., who not only offer great inducements for the holiday season in the shape of exquisite China, Cut-Glass and Fancy Ware at remarkably low figures, but attractions for all the seasons to those who seek to adorn their homes with handsome table sets. Their China Dinner Service for \$30 is a marvel of utility, cheapness and neatness, while their French China Dinner Sets, with their richly decorated dishes, pearl-handle knives, handsomely engraved cut-glass Goblets, wine and finger bowls, tastefully fringed damask napkins, which may be had as accompaniments, are chefs d'œuvre of chaste and skillful workmanship.

The Youth's Companion, of Boston, is a thoroughly wide awake paper, having among its contributors such writers as J. T. TROWBRIDGE, EDWARD EGLESTON, REV. W. M. BAKER, DR. L. I. HAYES, GEORGE M. TOWLE, LOUISA M. ALCOCK, REBECCA HARDING DAVIS, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. No writers more attractive in the country, and no publication for young people more enterprising and useful.

New Publications.—To their former elaborate and valuable issues, the publishing firm of Architectural Book Publishers, A. J. Bicknell & Co., 27 Warren Street, of this city, have recently added a work in two volumes, at \$9 each, entitled "Wooden and Brick Buildings, with Details," containing 160 plates of Plans, Elevations, Sections and Details for Dwellings of various size and cost, School Houses, Churches, Hotels, etc. These volumes contain contributions from 44 leading architects of Eastern cities, and embrace specifications for building upon many of the plans. We can heartily commend this work, as one calculated to improve the taste of those intending to build, and impart information of great value to the practical mechanic who may become its possessor. The Detail Drawings are of beautiful designs, and by their careful study, the interior carpenter who is compelled to be his own architect can produce results of the most satisfactory character.

Consumption can now be cured. A new principle, an entirely new way of curing Throat and Lung Diseases by Dr. J. H. McLean's Cough and Lung Healing Globules. Trial Samples Free at Dr. J. H. McLean's office, 314 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo. Trial Boxes, by mail, 25 cents.

It is Perfectly Wonderful (and well worth knowing), that Messrs. J. Bloom and Bro., of 338 and 340 Bowery, can sell their fine Holiday Goods cheaper than any other house of like prominence in the city. Their motto of "large sales and small profit" must surely pay, as their houses are crowded from morn till eve with ladies looking for great bargains in fancy goods, workboxes, toilet sets, fine lace goods, baby and wedding outfits—in fact, everything that a lady could desire. It is a great advantage to go to Bloom's, because you can always find what you want. Such courteous gentlemen deserve their great success. Another great advantage is, that you do not have to wait half an hour or so for your change.

Dressmaking Made Easy.—By the use of our Patterns, which may be selected from our Winter Supplement now ready for distribution, including late and fashionable designs, in addition to those represented in our Fall Catalogue for Ladies', Misses' and Children's Wardrobes. Send for Catalogue and Supplement, which can be obtained by inclosing a three-cent postage stamp to FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL CUT PAPER PATTERNS DEPARTMENT, 298 Broadway N. Y. All orders for patterns must be sent to the same address.

Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100. E. & H. T. ANTHONY & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Mezzotintographs, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

The Anniversary of an Old House.—It will be interesting to our readers to know that on the 7th of February this year, one of the oldest drug houses in the world, Messrs. Bruckner, Lampe & Co., celebrated their 125th anniversary. The very same day when the members of the firm were collected to celebrate this remarkable day, they received a telegram from the well-known firm of Messrs. Dandies, Dick & Co., of Soft Capsule Manufacturers, to ship a large order of oil of sandalwood to New York. We have no doubt that this order created quite a sensation in Leipzig, as it just arrived on the day of the celebration, and was the first order from the largest consumer of oil of sandalwood in the world.—Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter, N. Y., June 6th, 1875.

The Rule of "No Cure No Pay." The oldest and best hernia surgeons in the world, the only lady surgeon on earth skilled in the cure of Rupture, the only elastic truss worthy of the name, free examination and advice, are some of the advantages offered by the Triumph Truss Company, No. 334 Bowery, N. Y. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

The Big Bonanza.—50 Side-splitting Pictures, 1 Magic Whistle, 1 Pack Magic Cards, the Matrimonial Programme, 1 Pack Transparent Visiting Cards, 1 Pack Raymond Cards, 1 Vanishing Carte de Visite. The lot in 1 Package all for only 25 cents. W. L. CRAWFORD, 65 Nassau Street, New York City. Box 3676, P. O.

Recorder Hackett says: "My COLLINS GOLD METAL Watch and Chain are just the thing. They bring me great peace." See their advertisement.

"A Slight Cold," Coughs.—Few are aware of the importance of checking a cough or "slight cold" which would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give sure and almost immediate relief.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE.

New Year's Callers will do well by calling upon Messrs. Freeman & Woodruff, 241 Broadway, and providing themselves in time with a pair of the Italian Kid Gloves, white or opera color, at \$1 per pair, or French Kid, two buttons, at \$2 per pair. White dress shirts, white ties and bows, sleeve-buttons, collar studs and scarfpins in abundance and fine variety. Be sure and call in time.

Our Readers will Welcome the advertisement of the popular Seedmen, Messrs. D. M. FERRY & Co., of Detroit, Mich. Their Seed Annual for 1876 far surpasses their previous numbers. This firm, one of the largest in the Seed business, needs no indorsement from us.

Sufferers from Nervous Disorders, who have tried in vain every advertised remedy, will learn of a Simple Cure by addressing, Box 2296, New York.

WINCHESTER'S SPECIFIC PILL.

A certain and speedy cure for NERVOUS DEBILITY, WEAKNESS, etc., thoroughly tested for 30 years with perfect success. TWO TO SIX Boxes are generally sufficient to effect a radical cure. For further information, etc., SEND FOR CIRCULAR \$1 per box; six boxes \$5, by mail, securely sealed, with full directions for use. Prepared only by WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 36 John Street, New York. P. O. Box 2430.

\$600,000 CASH GIFTS.

Whole Tickets, \$20.
Kentucky State Single Number Lottery.

On the Havana plan, drawn on last Saturday each month. PRIZES PAID IN FULL. Also agents for ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY, drawn every 17 days. Circulars sent free. Address all orders to PARKS, EMERSON & CO., authorized agents for all legalized lotteries for the past forty years.

180 BROADWAY, Room 4. P. O. Box 5272.

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Samples of Cloths, Fashion Sheets, Rules for Self-Measurement, etc., on application, by

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(A. Freeman, late of Freeman & Burr).

CLOTHIERS 241 Broadway, N. Y., nearly opposite New Post Office.



This is a beautiful Quarterly Journal, finely illustrated, and containing an elegant colored Frontispiece with the first Number. Price only 25 cents for the year. The first No. for 1876 just issued. **Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden**, 35 cents; with cloth covers, 65 cents. Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

TRANSPARENT PLAYING CARDS. Rare subjects. Each card contains a scene invisible until held to the light. A Full Pack of 52 Cards in a neat case \$1.25. 5 NOBBY Samples, 25cts. W. HILL & Co., Ashland, Mass.

The COLLINS GOLD METAL Watches, Chains and Jewelry are neat and elegant, and are exactly what is wanted for these times. See their advertisement.

AGENTS 20 ELEGANT OIL CHROMOS, mounted, size 9x11, for \$1. Novelties and Chromos of every description. National Chromo Co., Phila., Pa.

FIELD, Opera, Marine, Tourist's, and general out-door day and night Double Perspective Glasses, of extraordinary power and wide field of observation. Eye-glasses and Spectacles to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing effect of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, Oculist's Optician, 687 Broadway, N. Y.

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DECALCOMANIE of TRANSFER PICTURES, with book of 24 pp., giving full instructions in this new and beautiful art, sent post-paid for 10 cts. 100 and 10 pictures, 50 cts. They are Heads, Landscapes, Animals, Birds, Insects, Flowers, Autumn Leaves, Comic Figures, &c. They can be easily transferred to any article so as to imitate the most beautiful painting. Also, 5 beautiful GEM CHROMOS for 10 cts.; 10 for 50 cts. Agents wanted. Address J. L. PATTER & Co., 165 William Street, New York.

A USEFUL HOLIDAY PRESENT. PRINCE'S Improved FOUNTAIN PEN.

Writes 10 hours; warranted perfect. Prices from \$1 to \$6. Manufactured on y by JOHN S. PURDY, 212 Broadway, New York. Gold Pens, Pencils. **PURDY** Send for Circular.

EMPIRE LAUNDRY, 329 to 343 East 53d Street.

BRANCH OFFICES: 42 University Place, cor. 11th Street, and 345 4th Ave.

Gents' and Family Linen, Lace Curtains, Laces, Blankets, Window Shades, Crumb and Dancing Cloths, and every description of Laundry Work. Collars and Cuffs equal to Troy Work.

Goods Called for and Delivered.

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Re-Distilleries: 641 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK. LONDON, ENGLAND, & PARIS, FRANCE. **HARRIS'S "P. P." BRANDS**

Have been twice awarded Medal and Diplomas by the Amer. Ins., and are indorsed by the Medical Profession on both sides the Atlantic as being ABSOLUTELY CHEMICALLY PURE. Persons requiring fine and pure Liquors for the Holidays should not fail to test HARRIS'S "P. P." BRANDS, at the Retail Depot, 1247 Broadway, before purchasing other Brands. Orders by mail, C. O. D., promptly filled, with the same care and attention as though ordered in person.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE PITTSBURGH Adjustable FOLDING CHAIR?



Combining in one an EASY CHAIR, a LOUNGE, COMPLETE BED, CHILD'S CRIB, an INVALID or RECLINING CHAIR. Call and examine it at the New York Office, 717 BROADWAY N. Y. Or send for Illustrated Circular.

JUST THE THING FOR A HOLIDAY PRESENT.

DR. S. B. COLLINS' Painless Opium Antidote.



Discovered in 1868.

TESTIMONIALS. The following Testimonials were given from one month to four years after the cure was made—according to dates:

PIERCETON, Ind., March 17, 1874.
I used 360 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since July, 1873. DR. W. HAYES.
GRAYVILLE, Ill., Oct. 20, 1873.
I used 1800 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since September, 1873. THOMAS & FANNY MOSS.
ROCKFORD, Ind., May 12, 1871.
DR. S. B. COLLINS, La Porte, Ind.:
I used 2881 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since March, 1871. JOHN J. PATTERSON, M.D.
UNION HILL, Ind., Sep. 30, 1872.
DR. S. B. COLLINS, La Porte, Ind.:
I used 1920 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since July, 1872. JOHN MCCLAIN.
PIERCETON, Ind., Nov. 7, 1872.
DR. S. B. COLLINS, La Porte, Ind.:
I used 1020 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since September, 1872. ROBERT MCNEIL.
BROXTON, Mo., Nov. 11, 1872.
DR. S. B. COLLINS, La Porte, Ind.:
I used 840 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since July, 1872. JOHN DONALDSON.
JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Nov. 29, 1872.
DR. S. B. COLLINS, La Porte, Ind.:
I used 840 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since July, 1872. S. P. GUN.
PROPHETSTOWN, Ill., Dec. 5, 1872.
DR. S. B. COLLINS, La Porte, Ind.:
I used 840 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since August, 1872. WM. SANDERSON.
MRS. B. P. SANDERSON.
SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Jan. 27, 1873.
DR. S. B. COLLINS, La Porte, Ind.:
I used 480 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since July, 1872. T. M. ENDRICOTT.
BRAYTONVILLE, North Adams Co., Mass., March 2, 1874.
DR. S. B. COLLINS, La Porte, Ind.:
I used 960 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since October, 1872. JOSEPH COOPER.
LA PORTE, Ind., March 5, 1873.
DR. S. B. COLLINS, La Porte, Ind.:
I used 840 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since December, 1868. A. P. ANDREW, JR.

ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR.

Ten Pieces of Elegant Sheet Music.
Far O'er the Waves. Song. Henry Mayhew.
Lay Me Where My Mother's Sleeping. Clark.
High Life. Waltz. March 2, 1874.
Down where the Violets Grow. S. & D. Western.
New World Galop. 4-hand pce. Strauss.
Girofle-Girofla Waltz. Celebrated Punch Song. Piano Solo.
Girofle Girofla Waltz. Air for band of 10 instruments.
When Old Hickory Jackson Had His Day. S. & D. Western.
There's a Letter in the Candle. Coote.
The Lily of Killarney. Jules Benedict's Opera.
The above will be sent by Mail (post-paid) on receipt of price, or can be ordered through any newsdealer. Address, BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, 355 Third Avenue, N. Y.

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SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

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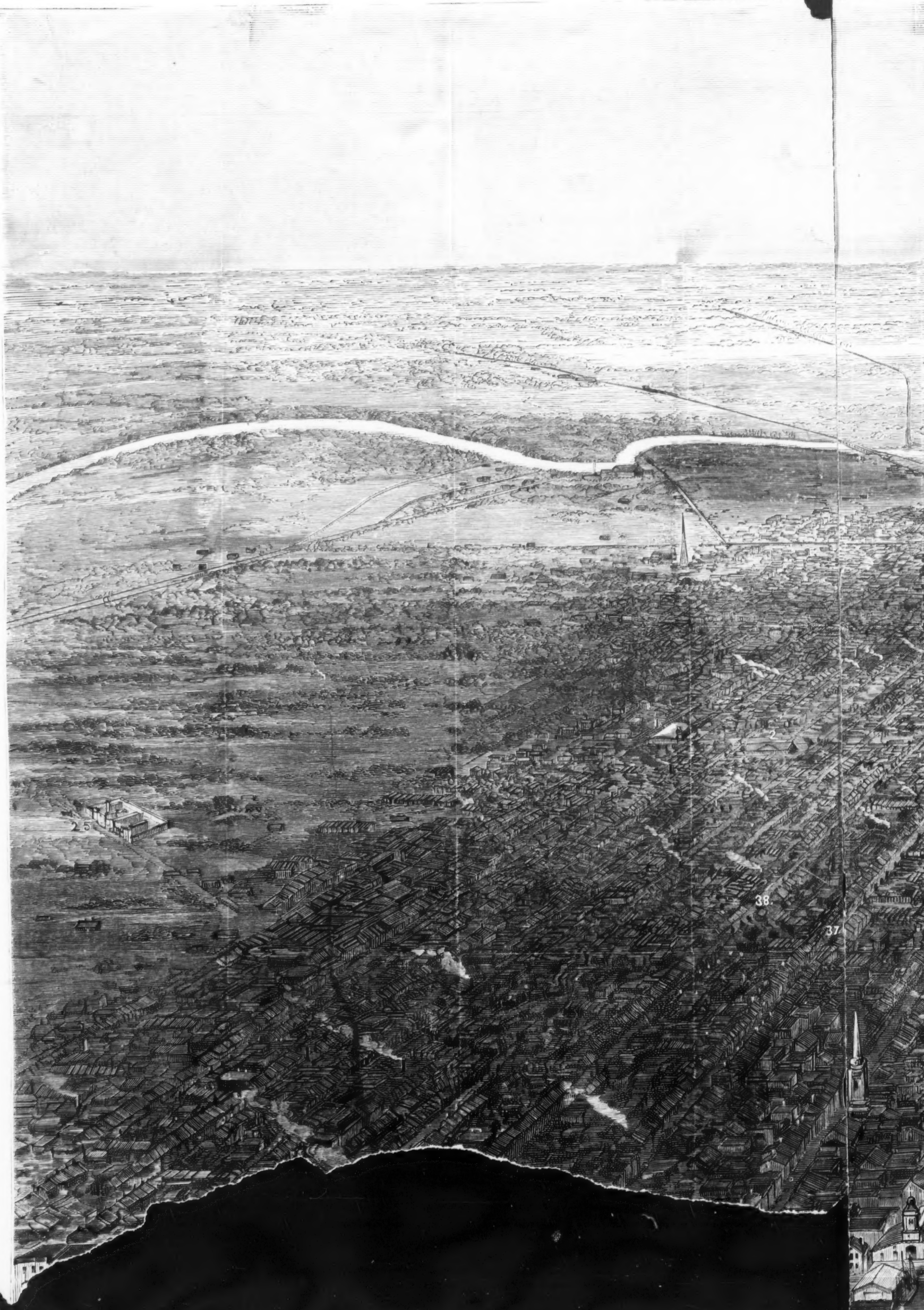
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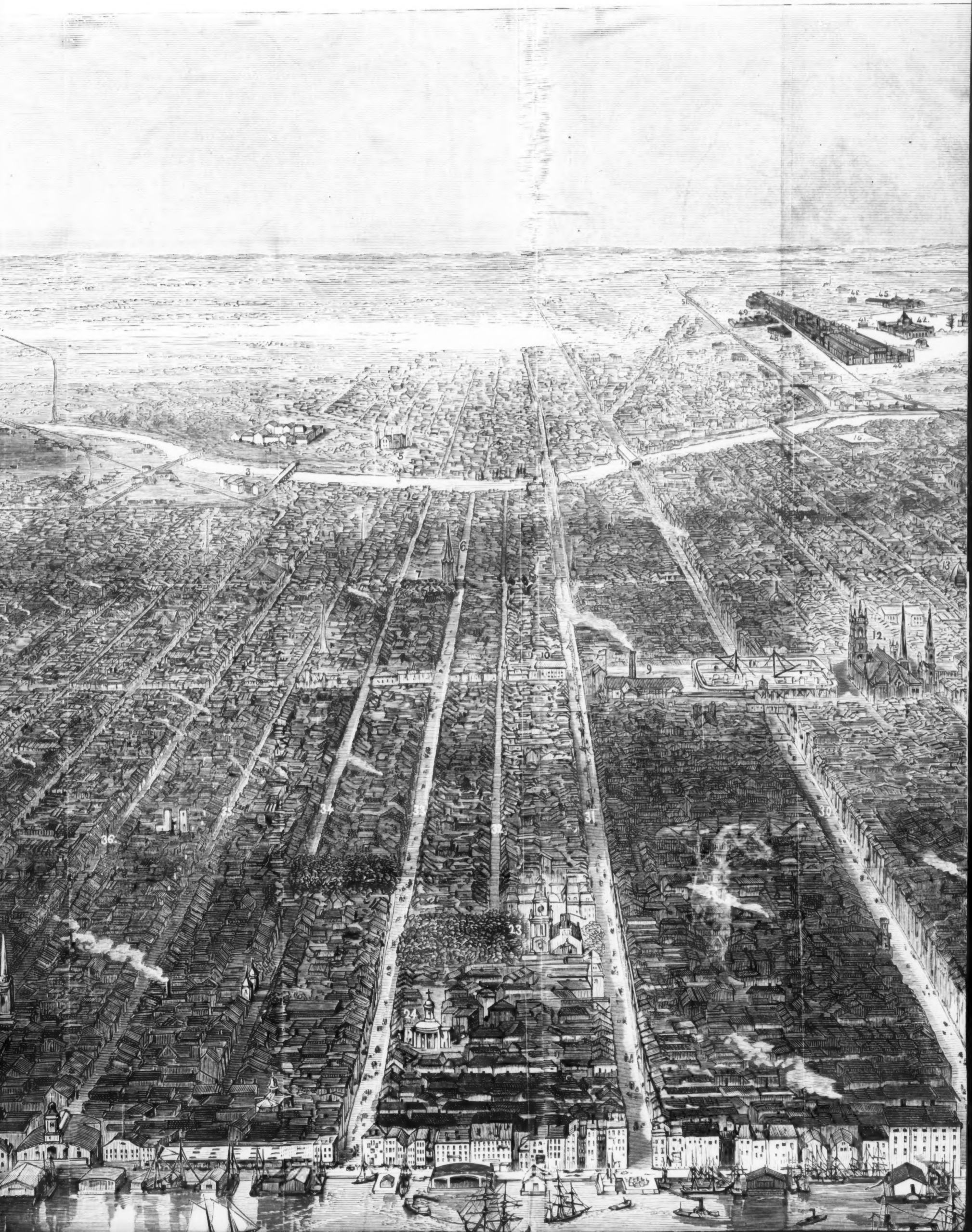
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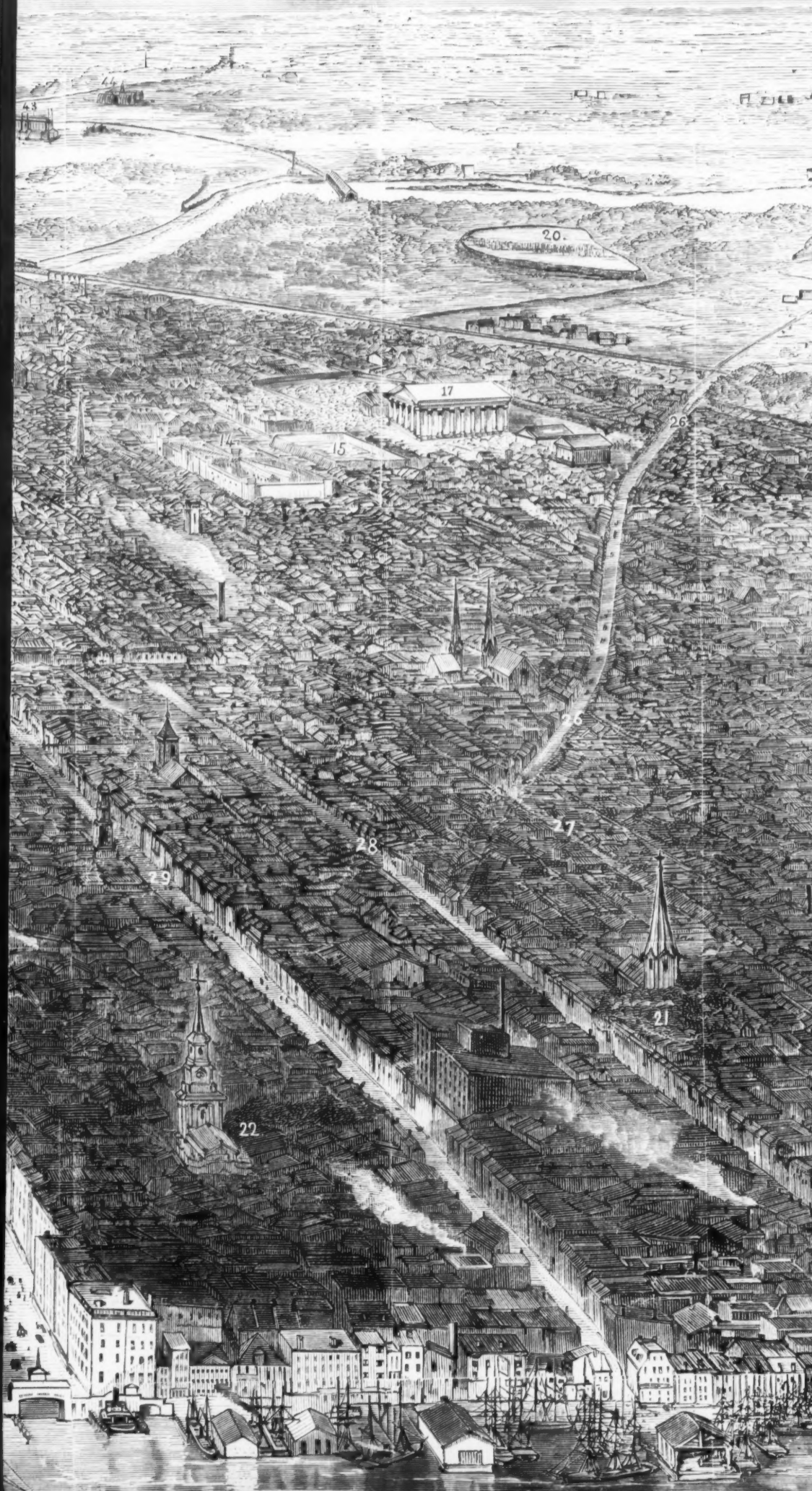
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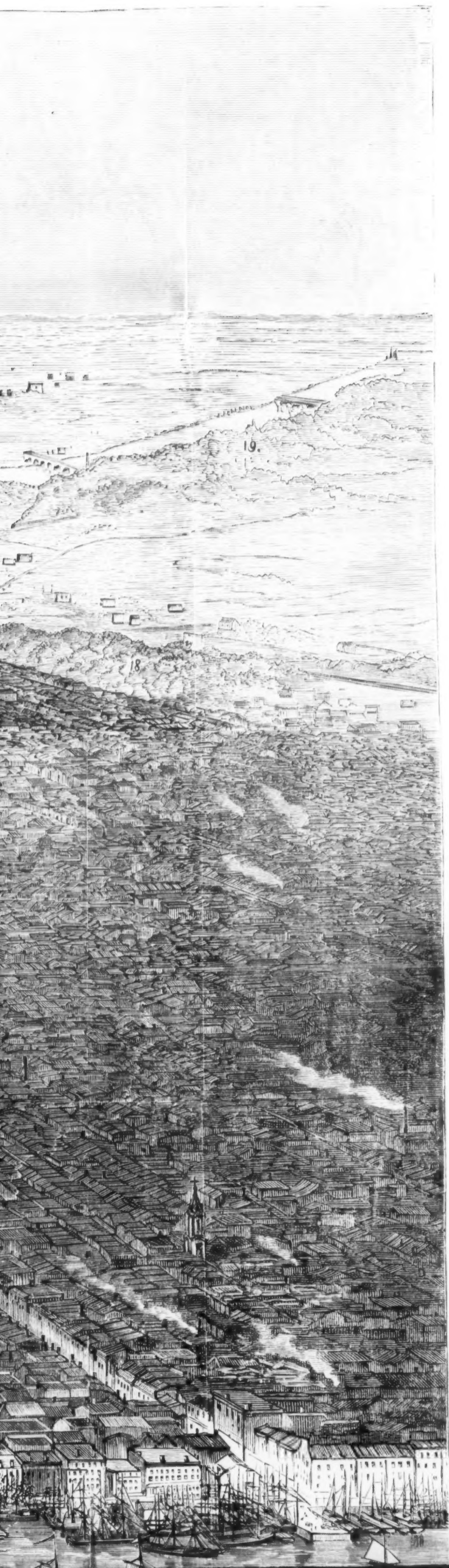
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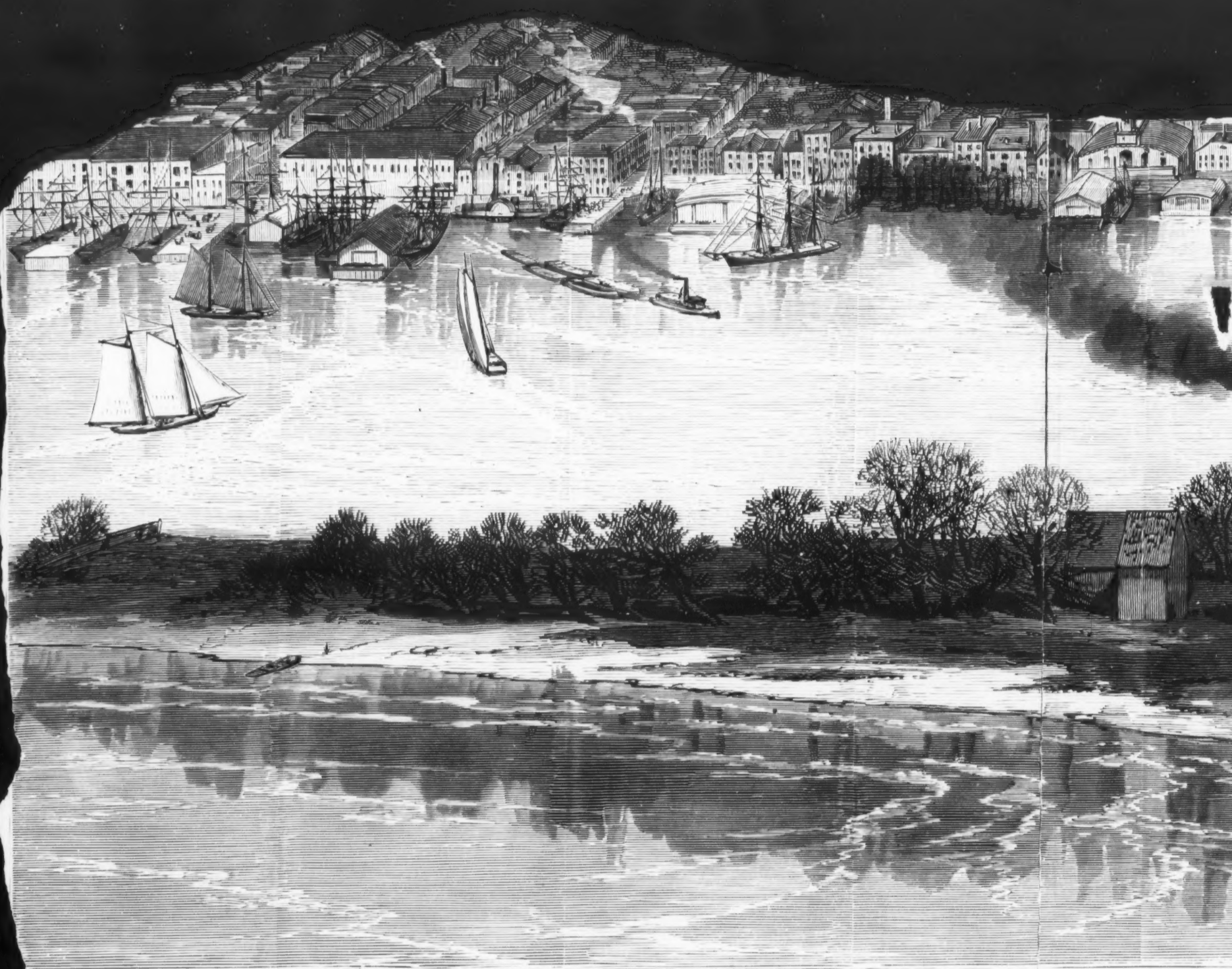
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THE DEAD WITNESS.

BY

MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER I.

On a cold dark night in November, 18—, the stage-coach that ran from the depot of Bournemouth to the little village of Bretton, twelve miles distant, came into the latter place, and drew up before the door of the small hotel where it stopped to change horses, having only a single passenger inside—a lady, young and beautiful, dressed in deep mourning, and showing, by her every word and movement, that she was of gentle birth and high breeding.

The village of Bretton was an ancient one, having been settled soon after the Revolution. The hotel was nearly as old as the village. It was a rambling, weather-beaten wooden structure, painted a dark, deep red, and having green wooden shutters to all the rooms on the lower floor.

Such as it was, however, it looked cozy and comfortable enough to the young lady, who had traveled from New York that day, and who was benumbed by cold and by long sitting in the coach.

She glanced at the red curtains of the parlor-windows, through which came the cheerful gleam of firelight and candles; she glanced at the open door, where the landlady stood—a portly widow, "fat, fair and forty," who appeared like one who chose "to have everything comfortable about her."

She looked out into the cold, dark vacancy beyond the village, through which she must pass if she went forward with the coach; and then, with the air of one who has taken a sudden resolution, she rose from her place and began to gather up her bag, shawl, and other little matters, from the opposite seat.

The coachman, who had been paying a visit to the bar, came out at the front door with a flushed face, and looked at the men who were busy with lighted lanterns about the fresh horses.

"Ready?" he asked.

"All ready, Jack," replied one of the men, standing back to make way for him as he went toward the coach.

"Oh, if you please, let me out," said a sweet voice from the interior of the coach, and the lady appeared at the window, parcels in hand.

The coachman stared.

"Why, I thought you were going on, miss?"

"I was," replied the lady; "but I am cold and very tired. This house looks so inviting that I think I must stop."

"We shall get to Cartersville by nine, miss," said the coachman.

"I could not possibly go so far," was the reply.

"Open the door, please."

He obeyed.

"A nice place you'll find it here, miss," he said, as he helped her out. "And a better landlady than Mrs. Watkins no one could wish to see."

The stout, comely landlady, thus introduced, hurried forward to welcome her unexpected guest, and conducted her into the warm parlor.

The coachman placed a trunk in the hall. Then the stage drove away.

"A cold night, miss," said Mrs. Watkins, stirring the fire and glancing at her guest, who was now laying aside her things.

"Indeed, yes; the wind is piercing. But I suppose your Winter will be much colder than this?"

"Certainly, miss," replied Mrs. Watkins, with a look of surprise. "Have you never spent a Winter here?"

"Never. I am English. I have but just left my own dear home."

"And crossed the ocean at this time of the year?" cried Mrs. Watkins, holding up both her hands.

"Wasn't it rough? Didn't you suffer from seasickness?"

The lady shuddered.

"Don't speak of it, I beg—I nearly died."

"I don't wonder, I'm sure. Would you like to go to your room, miss, before I serve the supper?"

"If you please."

"Here, Maria—where are you? Bring a candle and show this lady to Room 15," called the landlady, putting her head out into the passage.

Maria came. A tall, dashing, dressy, remarkably well-satisfied damsel of nineteen. Her hair was dressed in thin corkscrew ringlets, and her bright black eyes roved over the newcomer from head to foot, in an instant appraising the value of her garments, and their fashion, with a mental murmur of scorn.

"Never an ornament of any kind, and only one plain flounce at the bottom of her dress, no trimming on her cloak, and no plume in her hat. She can't be anybody," thought Maria, leading the way up a flight of handsomely carpeted stairs with a toss of her head.

Possibly the lady, in her turn, was not favorably impressed by Miss Maria's airs and graces and tawdry finery, for she performed her toilet as speedily as possible, and returned to the parlor without having exchanged half a dozen words with the girl on the way.

Mrs. Watkins was bustling about the lower room, very busy with her preparations for supper. The cloth was laid, and the dishes were nearly ready at the kitchen-fire. The young lady walked up and down the room once or twice, and then drew the blind of the end-window a little aside and glanced out.

The moon was shining just then—shining quite brightly, too, although the piled-up clouds in the distance threatened to obscure her radiance before many moments had passed by.

"What is that large building in the distance, Mrs. Watkins?" asked the guest.

Mrs. Watkins turned to look.

"The large white house, miss, standing on the hill?"

"Yes."

"That is Earleton's Rest."

The fair face of the girl crimsoned suddenly.

"Are the family resident?"

"No, miss—that is, all the family there is now consists of Mrs. Earleton. She has gone to New York for the Winter."

"To New York!" exclaimed the lady, in a tone of disappointment so marked as to attract the landlady's attention.

"Yes, miss; she goes every year, at about this time."

"But I thought—I supposed—do not ladies and gentlemen stay at their country-seats here, to keep Christmas, as they do in England?"

"Bless you, no, miss! Those who can afford it always go to the city as soon as the Autumn ends. And, of course, Mrs. Earleton can afford it, or any other lady, for the matter of that, who keeps a country-house open during the Summer."

"To New York! How very, very provoking! Why, I came from there only to-day!"

"Were you wishing to see Mrs. Earleton, miss?"

The question seemed to recall the stranger to herself.

"I—yes—I was going on to Cartersville first; but I wished to see her on a matter of no great importance except to myself," she answered, cautiously.

"But I can easily follow her to New York. I suppose you can give me her address there?"

"To-night, miss?" debated the landlady, who did not like the prospect of losing her customer, to whom she had taken a decided liking. "I don't think you could go to-night—nay, I am almost certain."

She put her head out into the hall again.

"Maria, has the evening-train for the city gone past?"

"Just half an hour ago!" replied Maria, from the kitchen.

"I thought so, though I didn't hear it, for a wonder. No, miss, you can't go up to-night; which is a piece of good fortune for you, though I say it that shouldn't. You will be much better off here, with a good fire, a hot supper and a warm bed, than you would be on your way to New York this cold, dark night. How happened it that you didn't come by the train, miss?" added the landlady, as the thought suddenly occurred to her.

"I knew nothing about the roads or the country, Mrs. Watkins, and I took the train from New York to Albany, and from there, a person who directed me said, I could not come by rail to Bretton, or to Cartersville."

"No more you can, miss, to this village itself; but the trains pass within a mile from here, and there is always an omnibus waiting at the station to bring passengers to this place. Mrs. Earleton has her carriage meet her, of course, when she comes down; but there are a many people here every Summer—more than you would suppose. This house is full to the garrets, and I might have fifty more boarders every year, if I had any rooms to put them in. And so you came by the stage-line all the way! What a shame! I dare say the person who directed you wrong was an agent for the coaches, and did it for a purpose!"

"Oh, no!" said the young lady, with a beautiful blush; and then, seeing the landlady's eyes fixed curiously upon her, she went on, hurriedly, "It was no agent; it was a gentleman—an American gentleman—who came over in the same ship with me. He was very kind, and thought he was directing me properly. I have no doubt. But he has been many years in Europe, and perhaps the railway has been made during his absence."

"Yes, it is a new thing, miss. But I wonder who that could be, now. I only know two gentlemen who have gone to Europe from this neighborhood. One was Lawyer Cass. He is about sixty, and carries an ear-trumpet, and takes snuff by hand-fuls."

A beaming, sparkling smile broke out on the girl's face turned toward her.

"Not like my friend in the least, Mrs. Watkins, I assure you."

"And the other was young Mr. Bretton, of Brettontown."

"Bretton! That was the gentleman's name, Mrs. Watkins. And this place is called Bretton, too, is it not?"

"It was once a part of his grandfather's estate, miss. His great-grandfather came from England, and was a Tory in the time of the Revolution. He lost some of his property during the war, but enough remained to make him one of the richest men in the State of New York, and that property has increased in value ever since, till Mr. Bertrand Bretton—the gentleman you mean, miss—is worth millions. His father and mother are both dead, and he has no brothers or sisters—no near relative, in fact, except Mrs. Earleton, who married his father's youngest brother for her first husband."

"Mrs. Earleton! Is she his aunt?" exclaimed the lady, who had been listening intently.

"By marriage only, miss. And indeed, although she is now a widow for the second time, she is not very much older than Mr. Bertrand, I believe. He must be about five-and-twenty now. Well, I should say Mrs. Earleton might be thirty, though she hardly looks it in full dress. Did you ever see her, miss?"

"Never."

"Ah, she is a beauty, and no mistake! She is Spanish by birth, and you never saw anything like her eyes—never! Her last husband was an Englishman, a great many years older than herself, and immensely rich. He bought yonder place soon after their marriage, and made the house and grounds as much like his English home as he could. The house is like a palace, inside and outside, and there are hundreds of acres in the grounds, and gardens and park. There is no place like it in this county. Brettontown is larger, and the house is built like the castles you see in a picture, but the furniture is all old-fashioned, and the gardens have not been kept up like those at Earleton since Mr. Bertrand has been in Europe. He went there a few weeks after his mother died. His father died when he was a baby, and his mother had had the whole charge of him; and he was broken-hearted when he had to let her go. But here I am, gossiping away, and your supper getting overdone, no doubt, before that hot kitchen-fire."

She hurried out.

The young lady leaned her cheek on her hand, and fixed her dark blue eyes pensively on the embers. Yes, that was the self-same story of a mother's life-long devotion, a son's passionate love, and the sad parting that led one to rest in heaven, and drove the other forth, a lonely wanderer in a weary world. How often she had listened to it, told in another voice, as twilight darkened slowly over the sea, and the evening-star shone down upon them while they paced the vessel's deck! And he was a rich man; the heir to a vast estate; alone in the world still; unfettered; free to make his choice!

And Mrs. Earleton, of Earleton's Rest, was his aunt! How strangely things were turning out! How little she had expected all this when, to enliven the monotony of a long sea voyage, she had allowed herself to drift into an acquaintanceship with the

handsome artist (as she then supposed him to be), who was for ever sketching sunrises and sunsets from the vessel's side, and whose dark eyes told, what his lips are long confirmed, the admiration with which he looked on her fair and delicate Saxon loveliness of form and face.

They had parted. Was it for ever? How could she believe it when, although no promise to meet again had been exchanged between them, fate had so strangely and unexpectedly conducted her close to his own dear home? And he knew whither she was bound. He had given her directions which, as he believed, would insure her safe and speedy arrival. Surely, then, he would soon follow and seek her out. And later, when she was at liberty to disclose the nature of her errand to America—later still, when she was free to tell him who and what she was—who was to say what might happen, or how sweet an ending there might come to their pleasant fortnight's romance on the sea?

So the girl mused.

But could she have dreamed on that November night of all that lay before her—could she have known how strangely and how sadly the threads of her own life were to be interwoven with his own—she would have sunk upon her knees in an agony of supplication, willing never to gaze upon him again, if so she might but avert the sorrow that was even now upon the threshold of the door.

CHAPTER II.

THE fair stranger (who had given her name to Mrs. Watkins as Miss Edith Haseltine, of Sutton Scotney, England), remained at the Bretton House quietly that night and a part of the next day.

But her anxiety to meet Mrs. Earleton was evidently great, and even the friendly landlady could find no sufficient reason against her traveling to the city on the next evening train.

"The omnibus will take you over to the depot in good time, miss," she observed, when the journey was definitely settled upon. "Do you mean to remain in New York, miss, or do you think of returning, if I may make so bold as to ask?"

"I will gladly return here, if you will allow it," said Edith, looking at her gratefully. "You have been so kind to me, that the place seems like home already. And I know no one else in this country—no other lady, I mean," she added, correcting herself, and then blushing beautifully because she had done so.

"Come back to us, Miss Edith, by all means," said Mrs. Watkins.

The good soul "could see as far into a millstone as any other person," to use her own words, and in the smiles and blushes of her lovely guest, when young Mr. Bretton, of Brettontown, was mentioned, she saw, prospectively, a course of true love which must be made to run smooth, if any assistance that it was in her power to lend could bring about that desirable state of affairs.

"She is a sweet, pretty creature, and as good and gentle as she is pretty," thought Mrs. Watkins, as she watched the girl. "Mr. Bertrand might go further and fare very much worse, according to my idea. He is his own master, anyway, and, if he is in earnest about her, as something tells me he must be, it won't be any worse for the hotel, in future, if he hears that I have protected and cared for her now, while she is all lonely-like and a stranger in a strange land! Besides, he can come here and see her, if he chooses, when he gets home, and there will be no scandal in the matter, as there might be if she was in some other place and all by herself, like this, poor thing! No one will venture to say a crooked word against her, or him either, I'll go bail, while Margery Watkins of the Bretton House has her under her wing!"

She turned to Edith, who was arranging her golden hair before the glass, preparatory to putting on her bonnet and cloak.

"I suppose, then, you won't want to take your trunk with you, miss, if you intend to come back here?"

"Oh, no, if you'll be kind enough to take charge of it! I have taken out what few things I need in this bag."

"I'll have it moved right up into the room you will occupy, my dear, and I'll keep the key of the room till you return. But why are you getting your things on so early? It wants"—she looked up at the eight-day clock that ticked solemnly in one corner of the parlor—"let me see—it wants nearly three-quarters of an hour of the time for the depot omnibus to pass by. You won't feel your cloak at all, miss, when you go out, if you put it on now."

Edith finished tying its strings at the throat before she answered:

"Where can my gloves be? I thought I put them—oh, here they are! The fact is, Mrs. Watkins, I don't care to wait for any rattling old omnibus. I much prefer to walk."

"To walk! Why, it is more than a mile!"

"I shall have plenty of time," said Edith, consulting a very elegant watch, which bore her monogram, set in diamonds, on its back, and had a golden locket, and a little golden charm like a boat-swain's whistle, with a ruby mouthpiece depending from its chain.

"The time isn't what I'm thinking about. It's the distance," said Mrs. Watkins.

"Oh, that is nothing to me, I assure you. At home, in England, I walked a certain number of miles each day."

"But not on such a lonely road as this, miss," urged the landlady. "It is all well enough as far as Earletoncourt, but after you pass that house, there isn't another place in sight till you get very near the depot. I wouldn't advise you to go that way alone, my dear."

"Very well. Then let the servant—Maria—is that her name?—let her go with me," suggested Edith. Unfortunately Maria the dashing happened to be passing the half-open door at that moment, on her way to her own room.

She heard the proposition—she heard her own name, coupled with that descriptive epithet so obnoxious to a true-born American, and went upstairs with a feeling of suppressed rage beating in her heart.

"The servant, indeed!" muttered Maria, indignantly. "Like her impudence, I should say, to come over here all the way from England, dressed in those shabby things that I wouldn't wear to feed the pigs in, and go to calling me 'a servant' before she has well set her foot in this place. I'm not her servant, at all events, thank goodness! and I'll let her know as much, before long, if she—"

"Maria! Maria! Where are you, Maria?" called a voice from below.

Maria looked downward over the banisters. Mrs. Watkins stood on the staircase below, looking anxiously upward.

"Didn't I hear you say that you thought of going over to Bell Smith's this evening?" asked the landlady.

Maria's round, comely face grew crimson. Bell Smith was one of her old schoolmates, and at present her dearest friend.

Bell had a brother Nathaniel, four years her senior, and sole owner of the well-stocked farm where he now lived with his sister, and where his father and mother had lived for many years before him.

Mr. Nathaniel had seen fit to pay a great deal of attention to the pretty waitress at Bretton House of late, and she, in her turn, had grown very fond of Bell (fonder, by far, than in her childish days), and was for ever running over to the farm to see her, whenever she could be spared.

Hence the blush with which she answered the question of her mistress, and the awkward, grudging way in which she spoke.

"Yes—I had some idea of going over to see what pattern Bell has chosen for her new bedquilt."

"Exactly," replied Mrs. Watkins, with an expression of infinite demureness. "Well, Maria, I want you to do me a good turn by-the-way."

"What is it?"

"This young English lady wants to walk on toward the depot till the omnibus overtakes her. She says she is used to walking, and prefers it; but, for all that, I don't like to let her go alone all that way. Can't you take care of her as far as Bell Smith's? And by the time you get there the omnibus is sure to overtake her. I'll tell the man to hurry."

Maria uttered a not very cordial assent to this proposition, and retired to her chamber to adorn herself for her visit to her admirer's home.

"If she calls me her servant on the way, I'll give her a piece of my mind, as sure as she is born," she soliloquized, arranging a bright cherry-colored ribbon in a coquettish manner among her jetty curls.

With this valiant determination, she donned her bravest finery and hastened down-stairs, to find Edith waiting, wrapped in her plain cloth coat, and wearing the plumeless beaver that had heretofore awakened Miss Maria's scorn.

Edith consulted her watch.

"Oh, we have plenty of time, Mrs. Watkins. I am a very fast walker. Good-by, or, rather, good-night. A thousand thanks for all your kindness. I felt strange and homesick when I came into this house last evening, but you have been so very good and kind, that the feeling has entirely passed away. I will try and get home at this time to-morrow night—by the train."

She turned to join Maria in the hall.

Mrs. Watkins stopped her.

"Miss Edith, I wish you would take my advice in one thing."

"Willingly. Name it."

The landlady pointed to the golden chain hanging from the girl's neck, and plainly visible through the front of her cloak.

"I wish you would take that off, and leave it in my care. I will give you a receipt for its full value."

"Leave my watch! Why? And how am I to know the time?" asked Edith, with a look of astonishment.

"You'll see the time at every depot, my dear. But, to oblige me, don't wear your watch to the city."

"Are there thieves in this part of the country then?"

"Our people about here are all honest, Miss Edith; at least, those who have a home and business of their own. But in America, and in every other part of the world, I suppose, there are some who are very poor, and who sometimes get desperate, and do dreadful things for the sake of money. Now the road you are going to-night is a quiet road enough, so far as the neighbors are concerned. They are all farmers—many of them wealthy—all of them respectable, and not one of them would injure or alarm you in any way for the world. But, you see, miss, we are not so far from the city but what some of its most hardened people can get out here for a day and a night without any trouble, and they generally make trouble for others whenever they come round. Lots of them have been seen on that road to the depot at different times, haven't they, Maria?"

"Yes," said Maria, indifferently. "Tramps! Any number of them. It is being so near the railroad line, I suppose."

"That is just it, Maria. But if you meet any of them this afternoon they won't dare to harm you, being the two of you together. Only, Miss Edith, do take off that sparkling watch and chain, like a dear, and leave it in my care, and then there will be nothing to tempt the unfortunate wretches to commit a crime if they should happen to pass you by. What do you consider the watch and chain worth, miss? I'll give you a receipt for them."

"The watch cost one hundred pounds, two years ago, in London," said Edith, as she took it off. "The chain cost eight pounds, and the locket and charm three."

Mrs. Watkins "did a sum," immediately, first "in her head," and then on the paper before her, governed entirely, let me add, by "hearsay" evidence as to the value of an English sovereign.

"Five times one hundred is five hundred. Good gracious! Five times eight is forty; five times three is fifteen! Dear me! Five hundred and fifty-five dollars in all! Just think of that, Maria! Here is your receipt for the sum, miss, and do, for mercy's sake, let me lock the trinkets up in the safe! I shall not know another easy moment till they are in your hands again, my dear."

Edith laughed, bade her good-by once more, as she pocketed the receipt, went out into the gray twilight of the November afternoon, followed by Maria, who had grown much more respectful in her manner since hearing the value of the watch, and who now offered, of her own accord, to carry the lady's traveling-bag.

They were soon clear of the hotel and its outlying grounds, and walking at a smart pace along the hard-frozen road that led straight past the gates of Earleton's Rest.

The white walls of the mansion rose cold and pale beneath the beams of the newly-risen moon. A keen wind blew downward from the hillside where it was situated, meeting the wayfarers full in the face.

Miss Haseltine shivered slightly.

"Maria, I wonder if those gates are locked!" she exclaimed.

"What gates, miss?" asked Maria, in surprise.

"The gates of Earleton's Rest."

"No, miss. Those gates are never locked. You see that small one-story house beside them?"

"Yes."

"Well, the gardener and his wife live there whenever Mrs. Earleton is down here. And their oldest boy is paid to watch those gates and open and shut them when carriages go out and in. When she is away no one ever thinks of going near the place. And so the gates are only fastened with an iron bolt—"

"Could you open them?"

"To be sure I could!" said Maria, staring.
 "Then open them for me. I have a fancy for seeing the house by moonlight, and there is a good half-hour before the omnibus can come along."

Maria hesitated. She could imagine no sensible reason for this strange request.

"There's no one up at the house, miss," she said, at last. "Mrs. Earliston is in the city."

"So much the better. I may never have so good a time for seeing the place again. Come, my good girl, do indulge this fancy of mine, and here is a little present for you to buy new ribbons with."

Miss Haseltine drew a peculiar-looking purse from her pocket. It was a knitted purse, made of bright-blue silk, and glittering all over with little silver beads.

Maria noticed it, and looked at it closely, for she had never happened to behold anything of the kind before.

When a golden dollar was drawn from this receptacle, and placed in her hand, she began to murmur a refusal of the gift.

But Edith only smiled, and closed her plump fingers over the piece with her delicate little hand.

"Bright-colored ribbons such as you are wearing in your hair this evening, Maria," she said, with a smile—"they are very becoming. And now how will you contrive to open this heavy gate?"

Maria's answer was an unspoken but a very practical one.

She passed her hand through the richly traced iron-work in the centre of the gate, slipped a bolt, and the entrance was free.

"Do you wish to walk up to the house, miss?" she asked.

"Yes, if you will go with me."

They walked briskly along the elm-tree avenue which was the boast and glory of Earliston's Rest.

They came in sight of the mansion at last.

Every door was barred and bolted, every window was shuttered, and an air of utter silence and desolation reigned around the place.

"It looks dismal enough now, miss, with all the leaves off the trees, and all the fountains choked up on the lawn, and all the flowers dead in the gardens," observed Maria. "But in the summer, when Mrs. Earliston is here, and everything is kept in order, I do think it is one of the loveliest places in the whole wide world."

"No doubt," said Miss Haseltine, gazing up at the mansion with a look of positive pain upon her lovely face. "It is an estate well worth a wrong."

But Mrs. Earliston came honestly by it, miss!"

exclaimed Maria, slightly scandalized by this speech.

"Are you sure of that, Maria?"

"Certain, miss! You see, her husband left it to her by his will. And she earned it well by living with him. I have heard Mrs. Watkins say time and again, miss, for he was a great many years the oldest, and one of the oddest men that ever lived in the world. Why, people say that he—Oh, my goodness, miss, what's that?" screamed Maria, grasping the young lady by the arm.

Edith looked in the direction to which the girl was pointing with a trembling finger.

She saw a tall, dark figure rounding the angle of the house.

It drew nearer and nearer. Maria tightened her grasp with every step it made, whispering, in a terrified tone, all the while:

"It's a ghost, miss! Oh, let's run away from this horrible place! It is the old gentleman's ghost! and I talking about him like that! Let's run, miss!" Yet standing stock-still, in her fright, all the while.

"Is that you, Maria?" called out a manly voice, as the figure halted. "What on earth—"

"Oh, Nathaniel! Is that you?" screamed Maria, dropping—to Edith's great relief—the arm she had been pinching black and blue, and running up to her lover with outstretched hands. "What are you doing here! We thought you must be a ghost."

Nathaniel laughed. He was a tall, good-looking young man of two-and-twenty, who had not the slightest faith in ghosts or their missions to this lower world.

"But what are you doing here?" repeated Maria.

"I was coming down the road yonder, on my way to the hotel, Maria, and I thought I saw a light in this house."

"Where?" squeaked Maria, clinging to his arm.

"In the back part, where the wicket-gate opens in the porch-door."

"I know. It is the private entrance to Mrs. Earliston's rooms."

"Just so. And you know there are a great many fine things locked up in those rooms, Maria. Well, when I saw the light, as I thought, I didn't know but what some of those city burglars we read about in the papers nowadays had heard of the place, and come down to try their hands at it, as soon as Mrs. Earliston was gone. So I went up to the wicket-door as quietly as I could, and I declare, Maria, I thought I heard some one moving about inside as I stood there, though I didn't see the light any longer."

"Oh, Nathaniel!" shivered Maria, drawing nearer to him.

He put his arm around her waist, and bent his face down to hers.

"You needn't be afraid of anything while I'm around to take care of you, Maria," he said, tenderly.

"But do you really think any burglars are in the house, Nathaniel?"

"Not a bit of it, my dear. I called out once or twice, and no one answered, and nothing stirred. I've been standing there for nearly half an hour in the porch close to the wicket-gate, and everything has been as still as the grave outside and inside the house all the time. It must have been the rats racing about that I heard when I first came up. But what in the world brought you up here, Maria, at this time of the afternoon? It is almost dark."

This question recalled the scattered senses of the girl.

"Goodness! I hope she didn't see you kiss me, Nathaniel!" she ejaculated.

"She? Who is it?"

"A young lady that has come all the way from England to see Mrs. Earliston on some business, Mrs. Watkins says. She is going up to the city on the evening train, and Mrs. Watkins wanted me to take care of her as far as her house."

"But why didn't she go in the omnibus?"

"Oh, she wanted to walk a part of the way. It seems she has always been used to walking a great deal in her own country, and she said the omnibus could overtake her by the time we reached your house."

"But how came you both up here in this lonely place?"

"Well, that was another of her oddities, Nathaniel, and I gave in to it; but I was frightened half to death when I saw you coming round that corner just as I was telling her about old Mr. Earliston and

his oddities. If she wants to come here again just at dark she must come by herself, for me."

"You had both better keep away," said Nathaniel, reprovingly. "No one ever knows who may be about on this lonely road at this time. Don't go out in this way again, Maria, or I shall be angry with you. Now call the lady, and I will go with you along the road till the omnibus overtakes her, if she insists upon walking; but, in my opinion, she had better go back to the hotel and take the stage from there, as other people do."

"Well, tell her so, Nathaniel. I don't like to."

"Very well. Where is she?"

"Close by, somewhere. Miss Edith!"

Loudly as Maria called, no answer came.

"Miss Edith, where you? Where can she have got to, Nathaniel? She stood right here beside me when I first saw you."

"Perhaps she has gone round to look at the back of the house, as you say she seems to be curious about it. Come along, Maria; we will go and find her together."

They went, accordingly, to the back of the house, then to the side, then round to the front again.

But without success. Without noise or outcry of any kind, Edith Haseltine had vanished from their sight during that brief interval of conversation as suddenly, as mysteriously and as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her where she stood.

CHAPTER III.

AT ten o'clock, on the evening of Edith Haseltine's disappearance near the house of Earliston's Rest, a low and diffident knock sounded at the back door of the Bretton House.

Mrs. Watkins was sitting up alone in the parlor with a most dissatisfied expression on her round and rosy face.

"Ah! At last!" she exclaimed, when she heard the knock. And, taking the lamp from the table, she went out through the kitchen to open the door.

"Is that you, Maria?" she asked, as a measure of precaution, just as she was about to slip the bolt.

"Yes, ma'am," replied a subdued voice.

"And a nice time of night for you to be trapesing up and down that lonely road—ain't it now?" asked Mrs. Watkins, throwing the door wide open.

Maria was usually rather pert in her replies, especially when she was blamed.

But now, to the great surprise of her mistress, she answered never a word, but came in and sank into a chair before the fire, as if she was exhausted or faint.

"What has come to you?" demanded the landlady. "How came you to stay out so late, Maria? I wonder you dare come down that depot road alone! The night train from the city is nearly due, and no one knows what kind of people may be abroad, once that is in."

Maria groaned.

"Are you ill?"

The girl shook her head.

"What is it, then? Have you seen anything?"

"No—no. Nathaniel saw me safely home. But the young lady," gasped Maria.

Mrs. Watkins turned pale.

"Has anything happened to her? For goodness sake, do speak, Maria! Here I have her watch and chain in my possession, and if she—what is it, Maria? I shall go beside myself if you don't say."

Thus adjured, Maria sat upright in her chair, collected her scattered senses, and began to tell the tale of the mysterious disappearance at Earliston's Rest. Mrs. Watkins listened with her mouth and eyes opened to their fullest extent.

"I never heard of anything like it, in my life, Maria! No one in the house, you say?"

"No one that we could see, or hear," hesitated Maria.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, ma'am, Nathaniel will have it that I was wrong, and that I only fancied it."

"Fancied what, for goodness sake?"

"You see, ma'am, Nathaniel had gone there some time before the young lady and I got there. He went because he thought he saw a light in the house."

"Where?"

"At the back part—you know there is a door in the rear, with a wicket-gate in the middle."

"Yes."

"And that door or gate, whichever you choose to call it, leads through a small entry into Mrs. Earliston's private room."

"Yes."

"Very well. The light shone there. And Nathaniel fancied that burglars might broken in to take some of the beautiful things that are stored there. But when he went up to the place, and called out to know if any one was there, everything was still, and the light had disappeared."

"So he was mistaken. Well, I am glad of that. I don't like to hear of burglars so near as Earliston's Rest. They might come here afterward, you know, Maria, and kill us all in our beds."

"But I am not so sure that he was mistaken, at the first," said the girl.

"Why, you don't think, Maria—"

"All I know is this," interrupted the servant.

"As soon as we missed the young lady, we searched and called all round the house. We saw nothing, and Nathaniel says he heard nothing. But I thought I heard something, just as we were moving away from that particular closet."

"What was it?"

"Something between a groan and a scream, Mrs. Watkins. It sounded for all the world as if some one was trying to cry out for help, but was prevented in some way—perhaps by a gag. I've heard and read of such things in the cities, I am sure."

"But not in quiet places like this, Maria. I think you must have fancied it—as Nathaniel says."

"Well, ma'am, I can't swear to it, I own; but I wasn't expecting to hear anything of the kind, and yet I did hear it as plain as I hear myself talking to you now. I only hope that young lady may be safe and well in New York at this present moment, as Nathaniel says she is."

"Why, how could she get to New York?" debated Mrs. Watkins.

"He will have it, ma'am, that she gave us the slip, just for fun, when she saw him at Earliston's Rest. Or else, he says, she may have been too proud to walk along the depot road with him."

"I don't think that."

"No more do I, ma'am."

"But I do think that she may have gone along before you, Maria, for all that. You know it is a straight road, and she could not miss her way. And when you and Nathaniel Smith get together, Maria, you never know how the time goes, either of you. Perhaps the lady got tired of waiting, and took the train before you had got half-way to the depot grounds."

Maria remembered, with a guilty sensation, that stolen kiss, and dared not defend herself after her usual fashion.

"We didn't see her on the road before us, though we walked as fast as we could, after we had searched thoroughly round Earliston's Rest," she observed.

"But you probably lost a great deal of time in searching."

"And no one had seen her get into the train at the depot, Mrs. Watkins."

"That proves nothing. Old Harris generally sees double at this time of the evening, if he sees at all," said Mrs. Watkins, scornfully.

Harris was the depot master—a man who loved good eating and drinking passing well, but who never patronized the Bretton House in any way.

"Then you don't really think the young lady has come to harm, Mrs. Watkins?"

"Pooh! No, indeed! I suppose that door with the wicket gate was locked?"

"Yes—Nathaniel tried it. It was fast."

"Then, of course, she could not have opened it herself. And as for any one else, do you suppose they could have unlocked the door and dragged her in against her will with you close by—you were close by, I think you told me," she said, pausing.

"Oh, yes; Nathaniel and I stood right under the drawing-room windows, on the west side of the house. It was then that she must have disappeared, though we knew nothing of it at the time."

Mrs. Watkins thought a moment.

"Very likely she saw Nathaniel kiss you, or some nonsense of that kind."

Maria shook in her shoes.

"For you are not half so careful about such things as you ought to be, my girl, and so I have told you a hundred times or more. Very well; say that it was so. She, being a born lady, may not have liked it, and I have no doubt she just walked on by herself, leaving you to follow when you saw fit. The evening train up passed by at the usual hour, and you may depend upon it, Miss Edith went in it, and is safe, by this time, at Mr. Earliston's house in New York."

As for your hearing a groan or a cry near the wicket-gate, I think as Nathaniel did, that it was all your imagination. But I hope this may be a lesson to you, Maria, and if you ever have to walk out with Miss Edith again, while she stays here, do, for mercy's sake, let Nathaniel Smith alone."

"There's a knock!" exclaimed Maria, nervously.

"Where?"

"At the front door."

"Then go and open it."

All the ruddy color left the girl's face at this order.

"Alone, ma'am?" she asked.

Mrs. Watkins turned, and looked at her.

"Do I usually go with you to answer the door? Why, what ails you, Maria? You are as white as a sheet, and your hand is trembling like a leaf!"

"I am sure I did hear something up at Earliston's Rest this evening, ma'am," avowed Maria, making a clean breast of her terrors at once. "Some one or something was in that house, this night, let Nathaniel say what he pleases. And now, perhaps, they have come here. Don't open the door, ma'am—don't, I say!"

Mrs. Watkins started.

"And the night-train, you goose! It may be some passenger from that! Here, give me the light, and don't make an idiot of yourself any longer. Nathaniel Smith will have a brave wife, if he marries you, I must say!"

Snatching the lamp from her trembling hand, the mistress of the house hastened to open the front-door, while Maria remained by the kitchen-fire, with her head hidden in her apron, ready to jump from her chair and scream at any unexpected sight or sound.

"How are you, Mrs. Watkins? You are looking as rosy and handsome as ever. Any room for an old friend?" exclaimed a gay voice at the door.

Mrs. Watkins held the light on high, and looked out, with a puzzled glance of half-recognition, at the tall, handsome young man who stood there, his dark eyes shining with a good-natured smile, and his white teeth showing beneath his black mustache.

"Why, you don't mean to say that you have forgotten me, Mrs. Watkins?"

"Is it—it can't be Mr. Bertrand?" uttered the astonished woman.

"But it is!"

"Good-gracious, sir!"

"May I come in?" said the young man, laughing.

Mrs. Watkins moved aside.

"To be sure, sir. I hope you will excuse me. I had no idea of seeing you here to-night."

"I should have been here earlier if I could have found a train. I sent a friend here last evening, and afterward I found I had made a most stupid mistake—sent her by the stage-line instead of by rail. You know the railroad has been made since I went away."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, did she get here safe?"

"She?" stammered Mrs. Watkins.

"Why, you don't mean to say that she has not arrived! I saw her safe in the stage myself, and told the driver to keep an eye on her. She spoke of going on to Cartersville, last night, but I told her she had much better stop with you. Is it possible that she went all that way, late at night, and tired as she was, after all? I must go right over there and see. Have you a horse in your stables, Mrs. Watkins, that I can ride or drive?"

He was walking up and down the parlor, by this time, flushed, eager, excited, and also apparently much annoyed.

"There are horses enough, sir," replied the landlady, "but I don't think there is any need of your going on to Cartersville to-night."

"Eh?"

"A young lady came here in the stage last evening."

"Fair?"

"Yes, sir."

"Young, you say?"

"Eighteen to twenty, I should think, sir."

"Golden hair, blue eyes?"

"The same, sir."

"Tall, slender, very quiet in her manner?"

"Exactly."

"And English?"

"English, as you say, sir."

"Miss Edith Haseltine, in fact?"

"That is the name, sir."

"Hurrah! Then my journey ends here for the night, Mrs. Watkins. Of course, I cannot expect to see the lady to-night, as it is so late."

"Nearly eleven, sir," said the landlady, gravely.

"But she is well?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Then I'll tell you what you shall do for me, Mrs. Watkins. You shall take me into your kitchen, where I can see just such a glorious fire as I used to

love when I was a boy; you shall give me the great armchair in the corner; you shall draw up the little round table before the fire, and on that table you shall cause to be served one of those excellent suppers such as you used to give me in my school-days. I am far more hungry now than I was then, for I have scarcely eaten a mouthful this day. Is it a bargain, my good old friend?"

Mrs. Watkins hesitated.

"Well, what is it, now?" he asked.

"It was well enough for you to go into the kitchen in those days, sir, and sit to eat a bit of a night, when you were tired with a long walk; but, now you are a young gentleman grown, I can't think of such a thing," debated Mrs. Watkins. "I'll send the girl to make up this fire again, and in half an hour or so supper shall be—Dear, dear! if he hasn't dashed off into the kitchen in spite of me! Well, thank goodness, it is all in apple-pie order and clean enough for him to eat his supper off the floor, if he should wish to—though I say it shouldn't."

With this reflection she trotted off after her light-hearted young guest, first closing and locking the front hall-door.

She found Mr. Bertrand installed in his chosen seat, the great armchair in the chimney corner, while Maria, from the opposite side of the fire, was gazing at him with her wide-open black eyes.

"Come, bustle, Maria, bustle, and set the round table for supper, and run down-cellar and draw a pitcher of our best new cider for Mr. Bertrand," exclaimed the mistress of the house.

Maria obeyed so far as setting the table was concerned; but, when that task was accomplished, she brought the great brown pitcher and set it down beside her mistress before the fire.

"I daren't go down-cellar, for my life, ma'am," she whispered; "but if you'll go, I'll dish up the supper nicely by the time you get back."

"A pack of nonsense! Afraid to go down-cellar! What next, I wonder, Maria?" began Mrs. Watkins.

But she checked herself, took up the pitcher and hurried away, leaving the girl busy with the fowl, ham, eggs and vegetables that were now nearly ready to be served.

When Mrs. Watkins returned, she found the young gentleman busy with his supper and Maria waiting on him.

"What is the mystery, Mrs. Watkins?" he called out, as soon as she entered the room.

"Mystery, sir!"

"Yes, mystery I call it, most decidedly."

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"Why, here is this pretty Maria, with her nice bright eyes, her long black curls, who says she dares not go down-cellar, because she has been frightened half to death once already this evening, and does not care to put herself in the way of any further alarm. Who has been so rude as to scare her, pray?"

"You can go to bed, Maria," said Mrs. Watkins, dryly. "Here is your candle, and I'll stand at the foot of the stairs till you are safe in your room. Wake Molly, the cook, when you get in there, and she can talk and keep you company till you get to sleep, if you are afraid. How could you be such a goose as to tell him that to-night?" she added, in a lower tone, as she marshaled the girl up-stairs.

"Well, come now, dear Mrs. Watkins, tell me the story of Maria's fright while I smoke my cigar," urged Mr. Bertrand again, when he had eaten a hearty meal with every sign of keen enjoyment.

Mrs. Watkins finished her task, and cleaned everything away before she answered, then she came and sat down in the opposite corner.

"Let me stir the fire. There goes a blaze bright enough to do one's heart good," said Mr. Bertrand.

"Now, Mrs. Watkins, what has the fair Maria seen?"

"She saw nothing, sir. She thought she heard something; but it was probably her own foolish fancy, and nothing more. You can see for yourself how nervous and timid she is to-night."

"She told me it was the effect of the fright. Where was she, my good Mrs. Watkins? Come, I am in just the humor for an old-fashioned country ghost-story over this delicious cigar."

"Lord, sir, there was no ghost in the case."

"Not even a tiny one?"

"Nothing of the sort, sir."

And then,

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PAUL'S CHOICE.—"JANE FELT THE LIMB BEND DOWN, AS PAUL, BY ITS AID, DREW HIMSELF OUT OF THE WATER."

PAUL'S CHOICE.

CHAPTER I.

HIS charming little room was as bright as lamp-light could make it, and, with her feet thrust into velvet slippers, and stretched comfortably near a bed of glowing coals, sat Celeste Clyde. Before her was a sheet of perfumed satin note-paper, and she held a pen in her hand, which she occasionally nibbled at the end, as if for inspiration—it was a trick she had learned at boarding-school; then again she would draw marginal heads and faces, with the most irresistible waxed mustaches imaginable.

Vol. I., No. 1—4.

Little pyramids of snow were being constantly piled on the window-sill outside, just a few inches from the heavy purple curtains, and then whisked suddenly away by the wind; while the ghostly sycamore boughs rapped drearily against the window-panes, as if seeking admittance into the cozy little nest.

Celeste's mind was, however, on other things intent, and not for the wind and snow cared she.

After tapping impatiently with her crimson-slipped foot, and stirring the fire more than once, she glanced over a little rose-colored note, and then wrote:

"DEAREST HERBERT: Why did you not have patience with Zitello? Mamma has not been able to endure the sound of your name since you crippled him and called him 'monstrosity.' She vows you shall not be admitted here, and that I am not to speak to you again."



MARAT.—PORTRAIT OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.—SEE PAGE 41.

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